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BLACKETT ON DEFENCE POLICY

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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Truce at Blackpool

THE Labour Party can look back on Blackpool with the feeling that at least it avoided disaster. Indeed, on the credit side must be counted two considerable achievements. In the first place, the assault from the extreme right was resoundingly defeated. Whatever Mr Gaitskell's private views may be about Socialism and the principles of public ownership, he was constrained to clothe them in language which did not offend the conventions of Labour Party decency. Secondly, there was no split.

How far, one must now ask, is this semblance of unity real? In one sense—and for the time being—it is real enough. The Labour Party is, by tradition and necessity, a loose coalition of varying reformist views; and reasonable differences of opinion between its wings become 'splits' only when they are directed towards palace revolution. Mr Bevan made it clear that he has no intention, at least for the present, of seeking to oust Mr Gaitskell from the leadership. Wisely he stressed the need for unity and went on to enunciate a formula by which it could be achieved. Belief in public ownership was the crucial test for Socialists: both Mrs Castle and Mr Gaitskell had quoted with approval his own epigram about the need to dominate 'the commanding heights of the economy': each of them was thus equated with him and must therefore be equated with the other.

Blackpool, however, was a single occasion; and, with the leadership for the time being settled, the party will now ask where it is to be led. It is at this point that the fallacies of applying Euclidian principles to political triangles become apparent. For, if there is a truce between Bevan and Gaitskell, there is no agreement between them; and sooner or later they will have to resolve their contradictions. Bevan's faith in an extension of public ownership, which he has always held in common with most of the rank and file, is at present probably shared by a majority of his colleagues in both the National Executive and the Parliamentary Labour Party. Mr Gaitskell has been dragged by the strength of Bevan's following out of his lair on the far right with the dogmatic anti-nationalisers into an Attlee-like position in the centre. But Gaitskell is no Attlee: he believes in leading from the front and he holds passionately his conviction that the Labour Party must rethink its functions in the light of Keynesian affluence. Nor is he a man who will for long attempt to lead a party in the opposite direction from that which he believes to be right. In the next three years he will try by every means in his power to win back decisive majorities in the National Executive and the Parliamentary Party.

The Labour Party is thus by no means out of its difficulties. But there is one further advantage to be gained from Bevan's rejection of his opportunity to overthrow Gaitskell: with palace revolution ruled out, debate can be carried on vigorously and candidly. Candour in particular is essential: the only hope of resolving the present dilemma without a split before the next election is that the next three years shall be spent in the clarification of real contemporary issues. Here the left of the party is as bad as the right. 'The commanding heights of the economy' is a graphic phrase which, suitably defined, might constitute a valuable nugget of hard metal in any new formulation of the Labour Party's aims. But as it stands, and as Mr Bevan used it at Blackpool, it is an evasion of thought, an obfuscator rather than a clarifier. The left wing of the party perhaps has reason to be suspicious of Mr Gaitskell's deeper motives when he suggests revising the party constitution: but shouldn't it be revised after 40 years? Hasn't life in Britain changed in some fundamental respects since 1918? And shouldn't a party which purports to be modern and scientific reflect change?

For far too long the Labour Party has sought unity by concealing the cracks in its foundations. It should now use the time it has gained through the truce at Blackpool to face its own contradictions and rebuild in modern materials the working coalition between right and left which has broken down since Mr Gaitskell became Chancellor in 1950. It is as the head of that coalition—and not as the champion of one faction—that Mr Gaitskell's suitability for permanent leadership will be put to the test.

Comments on the Week's News

Memories of Suez

Mr Selwyn Lloyd's *pianissimo* announcement of the resumption of diplomatic negotiations with Egypt brings to a whimpering end the three-and-a-half years' story of the Suez Canal dispute. Mr Bevan was right to press the government for a final balance sheet in the form of a White Paper, for the losses Britain has suffered are severe from every viewpoint. In financial terms, they can be reckoned as high as £780 million. The settlement on the Canal itself is infinitely less favourable to us than the terms originally offered by President Nasser after the seizure, and contemptuously rejected by Sir Anthony Eden. The financial settlement over British assets sequestrated by Egypt was a poor one for Britain, and it now looks as though even this will never be fully implemented. Many Egyptians who were charged with the management of British businesses have formed powerful lobbies to retain properties which, under the settlement, should have been returned by now; indeed, this was one of the issues which held up diplomatic resumption. On this point, as on the release of Mr James Zarb, Britain has now clearly given way; so many British residents must resign themselves to irreparable loss as the result of an operation ostensibly mounted to 'protect' their interests. Equally, Britain has yielded to the Egyptian insistence that the embassy should not be raised to plenipotentiary level until it has shown that it knows how to behave itself. Well may Mr Selwyn Lloyd prefer to forget the past and turn to the future. But here again, is there any sign that wiser counsels are likely to prevail? The government is still pressing ahead with its discredited and unpopular Aden federation; it refuses to negotiate a settlement of the Buraimi Oasis dispute as a prelude to resuming diplomatic relations with the Saudis; most important of all, it shows no desire to revise its treaty arrangements with the Gulf states in a way which would permit their normal constitutional development. Tuesday's statement seems unlikely to be the last confession of abject failure which the government will have to make on Middle Eastern affairs.

Defence Policy for the West

This month, the western leaders meet in Paris to prepare strategy for the Summit year which lies ahead. In anticipation, we are publishing a two-part survey of the western military and economic response to the challenge of Krushchev's Russia. In the first part, which begins on page 783, Professor P. M. S. Blackett analyses British defence policy and discusses the wider implications of western military dogma; and next week, Dr Thomas Balogh describes how the cumulative successes of the Soviet economy may become an even greater source of world tension than the arms race unless the West revolutionises its investment policy. One of Professor Blackett's contentions is that western defence policy in general, and Britain's in particular, lacks any ethical basis. Not only does it presuppose indiscriminate slaughter of the enemy, but it fails to provide against similar attacks on our own civil population. As he shows, such a policy is not only unethical but unworkable. A British government, faced with the choice between national suicide and surrender, must in duty choose the latter: hence the policy fails at the moment it is put to the test. Recognising this dilemma, a powerful section of US military and political opinion advocates a massive increase in the power of the western deterrent and a vast outlay on civilian shelters. Professor Blackett regards this as a counsel of despair, which will merely increase the likelihood of war. Instead, he advocates an extension of the 'safety-catch' system on the US deterrent, under which the smaller powers, such as Britain, would become non-nuclear, devoting their military resources to conventional weapons and thus making it possible for the West to resist aggression without resorting to H-bombs. We believe that Professor Blackett's views will command wide support, not only among the thoughtful public, but among a growing number of British military and political leaders who now recognise the unacceptable choices which present policies thrust upon them.

India and China

The Chinese have called the pacifist bluff in India as the European dictators did to Britain during the Thirties. In Asia the hope had lingered that Gandhian non-violence would provide an international instrument against the foreign threat as it had once been an effective weapon against British occupation. Put to the test, the peace army of Vinoba Bhave has turned out to be of negligible size, and Mr Jaypakrash Narayan, its best-known sponsor, this week visiting England, has had to call to his aid the Mahatma's argument that in the absence of genuine non-violent organisation it is better to resist evil by force rather than tamely to surrender to it. Indian opinion is now almost solidly behind Mr Nehru, who has been pushed, in the absence of any conciliatory reply from China, into calling for national unity to face the possibility, however remote, of war with China. The Indian Premier repeated his assurance that any attack on India's frontier states would be treated as an attack on India itself. Among the states to be defended he named Nepal, as he had in 1950 when China first entered Tibet. He was promptly reminded by B. P. Kerala, the premier of Nepal, that Nepal, unlike Sikkim and Bhutan, is a fully independent state which India would have no right to defend unless invited to do so. But the slip and the correction were no more than verbal, since everyone knows that India would in fact be involved if Nepal was attacked. Since Chou En-lai cannot intend a war with India, which might turn into a world war, any more than he was willing to risk war with America over China's offshore islands, Nehru's forthright statement may have a quietening effect. But the enigma of China's longer-term policy remains. Peaceful co-existence in Asia has been turned into cold war.

Comfort for the Homeless

This week's decision by the London County Council to adapt and equip an office block in Hackney as a reception centre for 80 homeless families at a cost of £84,750 may, on the face of it, seem a simple and relatively inexpensive extension of a normal social service. In fact it represents an important step forward in the treatment of homeless people, and one which may have far-reaching consequences. The decision is also a triumph for the campaign on behalf of these families which Audrey Harvey has been waging for more than two years in this journal. In a series of articles since March 1957 Mrs Harvey has exposed a grave flaw in the Welfare State – drawing attention to the plight of people who, often through no fault of their own, had no roof over their heads and who had to make the trek to the old reception centre at Newington Lodge. There their welcome and surroundings were cheerless, to say the least. Families were split up, often with serious results. Behind the whole approach to this social problem seemed to lie the attitude (even if it isn't always articulated so brutally) that to make the homeless too comfortable might encourage them in their feckless ways. In effect, the old censorious workhouse attitude flourished, as if being without a place to live was a flaw in the moral character. In the arrangements at the new centre at Hackney this attitude will disappear. Families may live together; husbands will not be put to the distress and expense of sleeping in doss-houses; it should no longer be necessary for children to be taken into the care of the authority – which often used to happen under the old regime; social workers will be appointed. The new building will have none of the aura of the workhouse about it, even architecturally: the homeless are going to have some comfort. It is no criticism of the LCC's decision, however, to point out that their new centre is the beginning rather than the conclusion of this problem's treatment. In spite of the vast rehousing programmes since the war, it is clear that there are a great many families who, for a variety of reasons – sometimes their own fault, often because of circumstances over which they have no control – are unable to find places to live. At these reception centres only the most desperate cases are accepted: there are hundreds of other families in situations almost as bad. As the LCC puts it: 'Pressure on the accommodation available has tended to increase in the past year'. More centres on the Hackney model are urgently needed, not only in London but throughout Britain. Provincial councils have nothing to be proud of in their attempts to tackle this problem.

NEXT WEEK

Economics of World Tension

In the second of our 4-page features on western policy* DR T. BALOGH *will examine the economic factors behind world tension.

Communists at Work: Power Stations

This week's unofficial one-day token strike by manual workers in the electricity-generating industry was, from the strikers' point of view, almost a total fiasco. Although the one-day strike, especially on a Monday, is often popular with aggrieved workers, less than a quarter of the men who were supposed to come out in fact did so, while the vast majority of power-house workers remained unmoved. There were no power cuts, so that the public did not suffer. Even the customary justification of unofficial strikes—that they win concessions for the strikers—was in this case absent. That the strike was pointless does not in itself account for its being a fiasco. What does account for it is that the unions in the industry were able to point out to their members convincingly and in good time that there was nothing to be gained by striking. They pointed out, to take the ostensible strike issues, that the claim for three weeks' paid holiday

had already partly been met by the employers, and that the reply to the claim for a 40-hour week was going to be made on 16 December. The question of a pay increase – the other issue – is bound up in the tactical situation created by the 40-hour week demand in the whole engineering field, another point about which the unions seem to have convinced the majority of power-workers. Its failure does not, however, rob the strike of significance. Its leader, George Wake, secretary of a national committee of shop stewards and works committees, is a Communist. One doesn't need to see reds under every lathe to suspect that this kind of 'token' strike could prove a fruitful Communist gambit among workers discontented at the general election result.

. . . and the E.T.U.

Meanwhile, the General Council of the TUC in a final devastating rebuke to the ETU, which has been circulated to all the Council's affiliated organisations, has carried its inquiries into irregularities in the ETU as far as it can in the face of union obstruction. Nor is it likely to accept Mr Haxell's impudent offer to undertake libel actions at TUC expense against those who have exposed he state of affairs inside the union. No doubt the General Council's condemnation of the Communist clique which controls the ETU will be presented as an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of the union, and may even succeed in winning Mr Haxell a few more misguided votes when he faces re-election to the general secretaryship. But in the long run the Communist grip on the union will have been weakened. More and more rank-and-file members are having their eyes opened to the way in which the union has been run over the years as a subsidiary of Communist Party headquarters. And gradually, their votes will erode the bureaucracy of Communist office-holders.

Radcliffe Examined

In a weighty speech last week, Mr Harold Wilson commended those parts of the Radcliffe Report which pointed to a better co-ordinated economic policy. He was equally concerned with removing the compulsion on local authorities to borrow at extortionate rates of interest, and with the need for a speedy British initiative to enlarge international liquidity and thus prevent the growing US panic over gold losses. Mr Wilson was careful, however, to point to the Committee's failure to protest against the policy of high-interest rates in a period of low industrial investment. The fact that the Chancellor repudiated the Committee's strictures on Conservative monetary policy, and refused to implement its recommendation that the Bank of England should be subjected to responsible control is easy to understand. The government, in its hour of victory, will not offend and weaken its best friends. But equally, Labour should not swallow the Radcliffe Report hook, line and sinker, as Mr Jay seemed to suggest. Perhaps he had not read the dangerous paragraphs extolling monetary restriction, which will be quoted *ad nauseam* against the advocates of balanced expansion. It is a great pity that Labour consented to this debate before publication of the evidence submitted to the Committee. No doubt the government was anxious to get it over before the jejune nature of the advice tendered by the Bank and the Treasury 'experts' is revealed.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Khartoum

A Year of Military Dictatorship

A Special Correspondent writes: The Sudan has just celebrated the first anniversary of the *coup d'état* which closed parliament and brought the army to power. It has been a difficult year for General Abboud and his junta. Almost surely asked to make the *coup* by the then Prime Minister Abdullah Khalil, whose defeat in parliament would have been inevitable, Abboud was confronted with a serious economic situation which would have led to complete collapse if the bunglings of corrupt politicians had been allowed to continue.

In his year of power he has had a considerable amount of luck. He almost lost power, if not office, in March when other officers dictated government changes to him. In May there was another attempt by junior officers to take over and this resulted in courts-martial and death sentences later commuted to life imprisonment. Just a few days ago there was another coup, which, coming as it does at a time when there is labour unrest and when the University of Khartoum is closed because of an anti-government student strike, indicates that it is a very shaky throne that Abboud occupies. Not that he would consider himself a king – he was as reluctant to become the head of state as Britain was to govern and it is only force of circumstances that makes him remain in power. A successful *coup* is likely any day.

He has been lucky too with the economic situation which has improved since a better cotton crop arrived this year after two very lean years. The recent agreement with Egypt, which gives the Sudan an increased share of the Nile Waters and will lead to money from the World Bank for further schemes, was made possible not by any subtle negotiations by the Sudanese delegation but by Nasser's wish to score some success in the field of Arab relations now that there is little hope of achieving his ambitions in Iraq. All Khartoum governments have to watch Cairo carefully, and Abboud will be a fool if he is taken in by Nasser's apparent generosity.

The chief grievance of his opponents is that he is a stooge of the Americans. There has certainly been an increase in the influence of the Americans in the form of ICA aid, libraries and contracts for American firms. One of the main reasons why Khalil was unable to continue in power was that his avowed pro-western policy antagonised too many elements. Slogans have recently appeared in public places attacking Abboud for his American connections. Communists and fellow-travellers are frequently arrested and imprisoned without trial.

There is no semblance of democracy although the trials of the May mutineers were scrupulously fair. Papers cannot criticise the régime (and it is almost certain that this issue of the NEW STATESMAN will be seized, as was a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph*). In a country which is developing, and where an educated class is rapidly appearing, it is difficult to see how the present dictatorship can last long; and Abboud himself has spoken of constitutional changes.

Whatever this year means for the future of the Sudan, it has a lesson for other territories that are not yet independent – that parliamentary systems of government cannot be set up so easily as the idealists thought. The transition from medieval backwardness to the democracy we know cannot be made in a few years. The underdeveloped countries will have to fight against both traditionalism and foreign influence for democracy if they want it – and in countries where religious groups are as powerful as they are in the Sudan it is not clear that they do.

Westminster

The Family Man

At ten minutes past three, Winston, clutching an order paper, came tottering in; and at once everyone in the thin, listless, Monday afternoon House sat up and looked pleased. He slumped into the corner seat below the gangway, the corner seat from which so often in the past, he has hunched his shoulders, lowered his head and charged into stone walls. Today he did not charge. He extinguished the momentary beam which had lit his face as he crossed the Bar and settled into the habitual posture of a House of Commons man at Question Time. He perfunctorily cupped hand to ear, let his mouth sag and glazed his eyes into vacancy as if to say: 'I don't know what's being asked but I'll bet the answers will be bloody silly'.

Winston was there, however, not to hear questions but to receive a present on his 85th birthday; and he was behaving, as anyone does at home, naturally. Today this habit would not get him into trouble as it had in years gone by. I do not only think of the time when he threw an inkwell at an opponent or of the time, comparatively recent, when he put his tongue out at the Labour backbenches. I think more of 1933 when he rose from that same corner seat to attack the Government of India Bill. He was a roaring lion that day and the Conservative front bench shivered like tethered kids while a packed House looked on excitedly, feeling itself in the main stream of history. Then, suddenly, there came disaster. Instead of answering, or ignoring entirely, a mildly-spoken interruption, Winston turned almost black with fury and tried to rend the interruptor. At once he lost the House, and members straggled out for tea, leaving him to gabble through an over-elaborate peroration. Like any other member of a family, he has, through nearly 60 years, continued to behave abominably from time to time; and the House, time after time, has sent him to bed without his supper and felt a deeper affection for him than ever.

Indeed, it is curious that the House of Commons, though only a few of its present members were even born when Winston first entered it, still looks on the outstanding man of his time mainly as a rather naughty little boy. Those wartime orations from the despatch box, which lifted the hearts of half a world, are of course a part of history; but at least as memorable, inside the House of Commons, is his impishness. There was the committee stage of the Finance Bill in 1930 when, with an affectation of good humour which was all the more infuriating, he fanned the exasperations of Philip Snowden into icy flame by moving to report progress 20 times in a single night. There was that time, a year or two later, when his son Randolph, by standing as

an independent, had caused the Tories to lose a safe Liverpool seat; and Winston beaming all over his face at the frozen Tory benches, chose to make a spectacular entry just as the new Labour member was being introduced to the House.

His appearance, even in old age, only adds to the impression of boyishness. His face mirrors every passing emotion – in less than a minute I have seen it register thunderous and implacable hatred, sunny good humour and tear-filled, sentimental wistfulness, much as a clear pool reflects the changing sky; and it seems that these emotions, transient or not, stir him to action far more frequently than any process of thought. Almost invariably, his emotional instincts have been wrong; but because, once, in the gravest crisis which has ever faced this country, they were right, he will never be forgotten.

Now he was sitting in his place, perhaps filling the half-empty benches with ghosts from the past – of wild Irish members, of Carson and Galloper Smith plotting insurrections which Winston's instincts must have prompted him to join, above all of the only man of whom he was ever afraid, the only man who ever treated him as the elemental, unbiddable boy that he is, David Lloyd George. But it was half-past three, and two young men, the leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition, were paying him gently phrased compliments. They finished, the House cheered happily. Then there was absolute silence. The old man shifted in his place, put his hands flat on the bench and began to push himself erect. At the movement there was a sudden, single clap from the public gallery, instantly shut off. He groped for his words: 'May I say,' he began, and paused as the accustomed tears filled his eyes, 'that I most gratefully and . . .' (here he paused so long that a compassionate but ill-advised Labour member whispered the word 'warmly') '. . . and *eagerly*,' Winston went on, 'accept both forms of compliment'. Still 'eagerly' at 85.

He lowered himself back into his seat as the cheers poured out and then again there was a moment of silence as the whole House wondered to itself whether it would ever hear the Old Man again. It did not wonder for long. 'The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day,' announced the Speaker, and the Minister of Health struggled to move the second reading of a bill through the distracting sounds both of members going out to tea and the far from *sotto voce* conversation in which Winston was now engaged with the Chief Whip. After a while, the Father of the House tottered out to buy himself a large brandy in the Smoking Room. The family was back to routine.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

'Help! I've been rescued . . . .'

Fleet Street

Department of Confusion

What actually happened at Blackpool? It depends on what paper you read. Readers of the more popular Sunday newspapers are, of course, accustomed to a good deal of ripe confusion on many matters. But even they must have found themselves wondering on this occasion whether the high-powered reporters who provide them with a new sensation every Sabbath had been listening to the same speech. 'Gaitskell Dodges It,' roared the *People*. 'Gaitskell Stakes All,' countered the *Empire News*. According to the *Sunday Express*, Gaitskell was 'heard respectfully, even with warmth, except for a few scattered shouts of "No" when he exclaimed: "There seems no doubt that nationalisation lost us votes" '. The man from the *Sunday Dispatch* heard differently. According to him the speech 'was received by the 1,200 delegates at the General Election "inquest" in cold, often hostile, almost menacing, silence'. The *Sunday Graphic* informed its readers that Gaitskell, having 'appeared neither right nor left', was 'out on his own'. According to the *Sunday Pictorial*, Gaitskell, though said to have angered Bevan, was 'assured of massive support particularly from some of the big union leaders'.

That there was a split everyone agreed. But how big? 'It is clear,' the *News of the World* told its 18 million readers through the voice of its new political columnist, Mr Randolph Churchill, 'that before the delegates disperse 24 hours hence all hell will break loose'; and the more sophisticated readers of the *Sunday Times* were advised only a shade less shrilly: 'Edifice of Unity Blasted'. However, the *Observer*'s Political Correspondent was more cautious. His report ended: 'It would be most unwise to come to any conclusion at the end of this Saturday afternoon'. He added reflectively, 'tomorrow is another day – and it will be Mr Bevan's day'. (It was put more pointedly by the *Dispatch* across seven columns: 'Gaitskell's Day of Reckoning Is Nye'.)

And after the day of reckoning what was the verdict? As a jury Monday's papers would have come off badly before a Judge with a train to catch. 'Bevan Challenges Gaitskell Policy,' declared the *News Chronicle* across six columns, 'Mr Bevan Saves Mr Gaitskell,' the *Daily Telegraph* across two, and 'Wait-And-See-Nye,' the *Mail* across seven. The *Mirror*, the *Sketch* and the *Herald*, however, were for once agreed in their verdict – although not in their adjectives. 'Soft Soap Nye Soothes The Split,' said the *Sketch*, 'Bevan's Magic Bridges The Labour Gap,' the *Mirror*. And 'Bevan the Brilliant Plays Peacemaker,' wound up the *Herald*. The *Guardian* took a more sober view: 'Inquest Without a Verdict'.

Nor did the leader writers find it easier than the reporters and sub-editors to come to a common judgment on the conference atmosphere. 'Well, Who Did Win At Blackpool?' asked the *Express*. (Its front page streamer was: 'Gaitskell – 1. Nye – 2'.) Bevan, it concluded, 'spoke more adroitly and Gaitskell more frankly. Bevan pleased the conference and Gaitskell did not. But is the difference between Bevan's outlook and that of Gaitskell so great?' The *News Chronicle* on the other hand found Bevan's speech 'a masterpiece of evasion', adding with careful malice, 'He breathed not a word of disloyalty to Mr Gaitskell – the time for that is not yet'. The *Mail* thought that Bevan was probably ready to help Gaitskell, 'to build up a new, modern-minded opposition capable of forming an alternative

Government'. The *Mirror*, now, one is told, back with Labour although no longer 'Forward with the People', had no time for traitor doubts or quibbles. 'Labour's Conference at Blackpool,' it shouted, 'has done a good job.'

But the *Telegraph* judged that Gaitskell had been 'given only ambiguous support from his left hand man Mr Bevan', and added, 'Indeed, the latter had obviously left himself free to exploit whatever opportunities five years in the wilderness may offer for the triumph of Bevanism over Butskellism'. *The Times* also was similarly persuaded that the conference had left the Labour Party 'where it was before, in a state of chronic internal contradiction', and might be 'accounted the one at which Mr Gaitskell missed the bus'. 'Had he been blunt where he was delicate, forthright where he was subtle . . . he could have delivered the party from debilitating equivocations.' Instead, 'having led Mr Bevan in captivity at Brighton, he in his turn had been put under restraint at Blackpool – a case of *captor captus*'. The *Guardian* considered that although Bevan 'talked of a united party it did not seem one after his speech'. The *Herald* should perhaps be left the last word. 'Mr Gaitskell was speaking for himself. Mr Bevan was speaking for himself. Mrs Castle was speaking for herself. Who was speaking for the party?'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Why Salazar Must Go

General Delgado, who stood as opposition candidate in the 1958 Portuguese presidential election, and who later was forced to flee to escape arrest, is now touring Europe to arouse support for the cause of Portuguese democracy.

THE situation in Portugal may be described in three negatives: no freedom, no morality, no bread. On the first point – lack of freedom – article 8 of the constitution, which guarantees freedom of speech, is in practice suspended. There is a very strict censorship, under which newspapers must submit proofs of all articles before publication. Legal proceedings have, in fact, been brought against one of our finest writers, Aquilino Ribeiro, because he wrote a realistic novel about life in the north of Portugal. He is facing a probable sentence of eight years in gaol, plus a heavy fine.

Opposition parties have no legal existence; they are forbidden by law to form any organisation or even register their name. In consequence, they cannot lease offices for headquarters, keep a register of members or hold meetings. Every seven years – or so the Salazar government tells the world – opposition parties have thirty days of legal existence during the so-called election campaign; but in fact, even during this period, their rights are severely limited. For instance, during my campaign last year, only one out of three of the communiqués issued by the opposition was allowed to appear in the press, and the celebrated photograph – printed in the NEW STATESMAN last June – of the vast crowd waiting for me in Oporto, was never published in Portuguese newspapers. The scandal reached the point where my secretary was seized one morning leaving my home and taken to the secret police station. My mail was taken from her for three hours – certainly not only for the names and addresses of my correspondents.

On the second point – morality – it is notorious in Portugal how difficult it is even for professionally trained men to make a career for themselves if they are suspected by the government. A doctor who criticises the regime cannot get a hospital job, and nobody can be an employee of the government without signing pledges of loyalty. The instances of corruption are so widespread that we intend, when we are in power, to make an inquiry into wealth thus illegally acquired. A well-known Army joke is to say officers are suffering from *coronelite* – an insidious disease which makes colonels anxious for promotion fanatically devoted to the regime. Thousands of pamphlets have been distributed in the country accusing the Minister of National Defence and other ministers of giving contracts to their friends without following the normal legal procedures; such accusations have never been effectively answered. Furthermore, in an official report, the Colonial Inspector, Henrique Galvao, wrote that more than 70 per cent. of colonial civil servants were spending more than their official income; again, no government answer was forthcoming.

The third point concerns economics – the field where Dr Salazar has won most prestige outside Portugal. Let us look at a few figures. It has been said that the average diet of a Portuguese is a glass of milk a day, a small slice of meat a week, three eggs a month and a chicken a year. Whereas in Germany, for instance, *per capita* meat consumption is 110 pounds a year, in Portugal it is 30 pounds. In Europe as a whole, people spend between 40 and 60 per cent. of their salaries on food; in Portugal the average is 75 per cent. Or, to put it simply, our *per capita* income per year is about $200, as opposed to over $1,600 in the US. The Portuguese worker must work four hours for one pound of meat, for which an American works thirty minutes and a Frenchman two hours.

One should therefore not be surprised that 58 per thousand of our population die of TB, when in the Netherlands the corresponding figure is 5 per thousand. While 32 per cent. of the budget is spent on the Army, less than 6 per cent. is devoted to public health, and less than 10 per cent. to education. As a consequence, we have only one doctor for every 1,400 people as opposed to an average of one for every 600 in the rest of Europe. While we have a nurse for every 3,000, other European countries have one for every 400. One result of this is that nearly two out of three Portuguese women have no medical assistance during childbirth. The inequality of income is so monstrous that it is possible for a company director to get 3 million escudos in declared income while the salary of a woman farm-labourer is 12 escudos a day (sometimes only 8), working in the bad seasons only three days a week. This means that all she can buy with her daily wage is six pounds of bread. There is a saying in Portugal that the money is all in the hands of 50 families. Such an indefensible political and economic situation has turned the country against the government. This is why the opposition believes that at least 75 per cent. of the votes in the last presidential election were in their favour, and it can be said that Dr Salazar is maintained only by the secret police – the PIDE – and the apathy of the armed forces.

The Church has, surprisingly, taught the army a lesson. Although it claims to remain aloof from politics, there are growing signs that it now disagrees with the dictatorship. The Bishop of Oporto, immediately after my campaign, wrote an indignant letter to Dr Salazar detailing the economic misery of the country and expressing his revulsion at the whole situation. A number of anti-Salazar pamphlets have appeared, signed by priests. One of these, Father Perestrelo, was taken to gaol on 12 March.

A word should be said about the moral degredation of the last election. We were robbed of our free election even before the appointed day of robbery. To begin with, we were denied copies of the voters' roll, which were indispensable for the campaign. We were allowed to copy it only by hand, not by photographs or typewriters. At the office where copying was in theory allowed, there was always a queue of people sent by the government – ostensibly to 'inspect' the roll – to prevent the opposition doing the job. The government went to this trouble even though the voters' lists were in any case incomplete and many names had been crossed out.

In Portugal, the ballot papers are sent out by the candidates themselves to anyone on the roll. Hence, although the ballot is theoretically secret, the government polling clerks can tell which way an elector has voted by noting slight differences in the colour or thickness of the papers, and ticking off names on the roll accordingly. Hence we requested permission for our papers to be printed on the same presses as the government's candidate. The last ones were delivered to us only 48 hours before polling day, and it is easy to see how impossible it was to distribute them effectively, even in a small country like Portugal. Not satisfied with this, the PIDE attacked some of our cars carrying the papers and seized them.

Despite all this, the government, it seemed, was still scared. On polling day itself, it forbade, by an official communiqué, representatives of the opposition to check the counting of votes at the polling stations. Fortunately, in some places, the order did not arrive in time, or could not be executed. Wherever this happened, we won by a large majority. A further indication of the farcical nature of the election is to compare the so-called voting figures in Oporto and nearby Vila Nova de Gaia. In Oporto, the most anti-Salazar city in Portugal, which first put me forward as candidate, and which has 400,000 inhabitants, we were credited with less votes than in Vila Nova, with a population of 20,000.

But even if Dr Salazar's version – that I got 250,000 votes only – is accepted, this figure still represents a quarter of the electorate, and thus destroys the myth that the opposition in Portugal is virtually non-existent and therefore has no right to speak, to write, to think and to organise itself. But Salazar has made it plain that he is more than ever determined to crush organised opposition. Even during my campaign, he arrested many of my supporters, and since the election this process has continued.

As for the future, the circumstances I have outlined make it clear that the dictatorship can only be overthrown by an armed revolt, which I believe is the debt the army owes the nation. Fortunately, as the abortive rising of 12 March showed, the army is beginning to stir. When the moment of decision comes, and the army acts, I and my associates will form a provisional government which will promulgate by decree the laws required for the transfer to democratic methods. The freedoms guaranteed in Article 8 of the constitution will be restored and an electoral law published to enable the nation to decide its destiny. In the meantime, the provisional government will take urgent decisions to alleviate misery, raise living standards, release political prisoners through a general amnesty, and make the first moves towards the establishment of a more decentralised government and democracy in Portugal's overseas territories.

HUMBERTO DELGADO

London Diary

GROUSING about British railways is such an overdone sport that I have always left it, along with golf, to people whose enthusiasms are more restricted than my own. But I see that I can't avoid the problem any longer; there is something more wrong than delays due to modernising routes plus annoyance about petty economies, occasional slackness and discourtesy. Obviously, those who want more nationalisation must make it their first business to see that industries already run by the state are efficient. We may regard Mr Marples as an ally. He has achieved a spectacular success by the simple process of decreeing that the existing law should be enforced in one limited area for one month. His railway problem is more complex. Long-neglected, over-capitalised and equipped on Victorian standards, they are now subject to terrific competition from the roads. Is it too late to begin making stations such as one may see on the continent, which are actually cheerful places of social enjoyment? Mr Marples might well begin by abolishing the Dickensian gloom and dirt in which, if you explore behind one of the big London stations, you will find the staff are expected to work. He will certainly have to do something very drastic about all this if he is to win more efficient service from railway employees and to persuade more people with brains and initiative to take on the responsible executive jobs.

* * *

One matter on which he will surely have to do something pretty quickly if there is not to be an explosion before Christmas is the really fantastic delays in newspaper delivery. The daily papers have long been complaining in the trade press. If I refer to the matter now it is because I can give precise details about what has been happening to this journal, as well as others of the same kind, in recent months. Managers of such papers now face a weekly nightmare of complaints from provincial wholesalers whose copies fail to arrive before the morning papers (which get immediate priority), and which therefore cannot be distributed to newsagents on the day of sale. There is something very odd about the fact that Pan-American can deliver copies of the *NS* to newsagents in Times Square in New York on Friday morning, while the efforts of British railways fail to get the paper on sale at the same time in Manchester. Supplies of this journal are rushed straight from the printer to the London stations every Thursday afternoon. Last week's issue reached Oxford, 63 miles away, 17½ hours later. Leeds, Durham, Exeter and Norwich are persistent blind spots, but the record is held by the supplies of a recent issue which took five days to reach Birmingham! What is the explanation? Every newspaper and journal has a similar story to tell. A gathering of newspaper managers just now, discussing delivery of their papers, is like a meeting of London citizens after the blitz, each telling his own bomb story.

* * *

The news that Krupp has succeeded in obtaining a further postponement of the Allied decision to break up his coal-steel empire makes it virtually certain that he has won the battle. A recognised war criminal, he now has a bigger stake, both absolutely and relatively, in the West German economy, than any of his ancestors. Nor is he the only Nazi industrialist to make a comeback. Friedrich Flick, one of Hitler's biggest arms suppliers, is now, after Krupp, the richest man in Germany. At Nuremberg he was sentenced to seven years for 'spoilation and plunder of occupied territories', contributing to SS funds, and 'enslavement and deportation to slave labour on a gigantic scale'. Today he controls, among many other firms, Daimler-Benz (which makes Mercedes cars), the Nobel dynamite corporation, and big steel companies in France and Belgium. He also has a uranium concession in Bavaria, and will perhaps play a major role when West Germany starts to make her own nuclear bombs. Flick is on excellent terms with the Bonn government. Last year, in a telegram of good wishes on his 75th birthday, the federal chancellor told Flick: 'You have led a great and amazing life of achievement, in long and self-sacrificing toil, despite all the blows of destiny against our people and yourself personally'. The blows of destiny were not all on one side: a witness at Nuremberg testified that slave labourers in Flick's factories were flogged if they failed to fulfil their work-quotas. I do not envy Flick his present prosperity; but I recall with bitterness that many penniless victims of Nazi persecution – including no doubt some who worked in Flick's factories – are still awaiting compensation, housed in the filthy huments of the refugee camps, 15 years after the war.

* * *

One reaches an understanding, over the years, that a complete god's eye view is available only to *The Times*, even if one makes secret allowances for the frequent squint. But I shared Sir Herbert Read's astonishment about its churlish leader of 27 November on the new Phœnix Trust. Here is a long-overdue scheme, approved by the Pilgrim Trust and backed by some of our best publishers – Hart-Davis, A. & C. Black, Chatto, Eyre & Spottiswoode, Hamish Hamilton, Hutchinsons, Michael Joseph, Methuen, Penguin – to provide funds for literature and the arts, which are starved in this country as nowhere else in the civilised world. The money will come mainly from a very small – and voluntary – royalty contribution for the use of literary, musical, dramatic, and artistic works which are not legally protected, either because their copyright has expired or because copyright never subsisted in them. This is what *The Times* called 'doling out driblets here and there, with the result, possibly, in some cases, that other sources of benevolence would give less'. The use of the phrase 'possibly, in some cases' is the language of someone willing to wound but a bit afraid to strike. So is the petulant query about existing arts funds – 'If the work they do is not adequate why should a new body do better?' The answer is because the existing bodies haven't the money and don't look as though they will ever get it. I think all the good publishers will come into this scheme, since they as well as writers must benefit from any rise in the general cultural level, and the recent tendency has been mainly in the opposite direction.

* * *

Ian Mikardo's defeat in the Labour Executive elections is typical of the cruel quirks in public life. As vice-chairman of the party he had every reason to expect to succeed Barbara Castle in the chairmanship and most delegates were shocked by his defeat. The result would have been different if Mikardo himself had not insisted on giving priority to Barbara Castle two years ago. As they both had equal service on the Executive, they had equal claims to the succession and could have drawn lots for it. Mikardo would not hear of this and himself proposed Barbara as vice-chairman, knowing full well that the chances were this meant that she would be chairman in election year. He thus generously deprived himself of the vote-catching value of the chairmanship which would have ensured his return at the end of it.

* * *

Although I know it well, I get two shocks whenever I visit Manchester. The first is that anything as dirty, squalid and ugly can survive. The second shock is that inside this Manchester some new life and idea is always sprouting. In a few hours, for instance, on a recent visit, I was shown a defunct cinema which had been taken over by a group of enterprising people, with no idea of profit to themselves; they have ingeniously adapted it as a theatre which can be hired and used by private theatrical societies. It is much used, and the idea is one that can spread widely nowadays when people long to act and are deserting the cinemas. Again, I was asked, after the annual dinner of the Fabian Society, if I would inspect the new 'left wing coffee house'. It turned out to be a warehouse basement, with bits of window just peeping over the pavement. Young Labour parliamentary candidates who have started and collected the money for this project proudly displayed their premises by torchlight. Though seen in the glooming, there it undoubtedly was – spacious, with a large room for meetings and plenty of room for service counters and, to add the right touch of romance, vaulted ceilings under which you would expect to see vats of old burgundy – or gunpowder with Guy Fawkes hatching a conspiracy. Here the younger generation will meet and forget their frustrations by plotting nothing more sinister than the future success of Labour. Similar left-wing centres should sprout in every industrial city.

* * *

The choice of John Freeman, the deputy editor of this journal, as TV Personality of the Year is a tribute to the impact that can be made by a performer who relies on no gimmicks and makes no concessions to admass. He wins by combining cogency and courtesy in his unique *Face to Face* series, in *Panorama* and other programmes. Contrary to common expectation, many of the outstanding BBC and ITV personalities have been found in the comparatively small area of the weekly press. It is a relevant and significant fact – which should give some check to pessimists – that the sales of the serious press as a whole have markedly increased since the arrival of television.

CRITIC

This England

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There are many songs in praise of beer and wine. Teetotallers like myself would appreciate songs for lemonade and other fine soft drinks. It would add to the enjoyment of gay teetotal parties.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Ford.)

Wanted for New Year's Eve, competent horseman to play trumpet and ride horse upstairs.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*. (G. W. Sheldon.)

'It's not nice to be called a vice-chairman,' Councillor H. Eden told the Billinge Urban Council last night. So the council decided to discuss whether vice-chairmen should become deputy chairmen.—*Guardian*. (Lita Edwards.)

A detective-sergeant, sitting behind four men in a bus, heard one say, 'I'll get a penny one. The conductor's a darkie, he won't know'. Then, the 15-stone, six-feet sergeant revealed his identity, and one of the men said, 'You are just a copper's nark and a Tory', and assaulted him.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*. (H. W. Sutherland.)

Thoughts on British Defence Policy

Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.—Samuel Johnson.

THE recent improvement in the international atmosphere may lead some to think that there is now less need for a coherent and intelligible defence policy for the West as a whole and for Britain in particular. This is not so, if only because it is essential to make use of the improved relations between the eastern and western blocs to make concrete progress in disarmament, and this is much more likely to be achieved if the nations concerned have realistic views about the relative military importance to them of the various weapons of war. It is thus essential to have a coherent and intelligible defence policy. In my opinion neither the western alliance as a whole, nor Britain in particular, has one.

Inevitably the main features of the controversy in Britain about what our policy should be have run parallel to that in progress in the US. However, there are some important differences of emphasis, which directly derive from the very different economic and geographical situations of Britain compared with the US. Perhaps the single most important reason why British defence policy is of great international significance today lies in her key situation in relation to the spread of nuclear weapons to other nations. As the third nuclear power, and the first of the medium-rank nations, as measured by population and wealth, to produce bombs, Britain can have a decisive influence, for good or ill, on the vital task of attempting to check their spread.

In one respect Britain can draw on experience possessed by no other country: she was not only the first medium-rank nation to have her own atomic stockpile, but she was the first atomic power to find herself indefensible against a potentially hostile and much larger atomic power. So, by accident of geography and history, Britain has been forced to think clearly on the possibilities and limitations of the wielding of atomic power by a country which could be completely destroyed in the event of their being used against her.

When Britain started her own atomic weapon programme in 1946, it was no doubt expected both that the western monopoly would last many years and that Britain would in due course become atomic power Number Two. Neither of these expectations was fulfilled, since the first Soviet bomb was tested in 1949 and the first British one not till 1952. So it came about that by the time Britain had acquired a sizeable stockpile, she had become so vulnerable to Soviet bombs as to make any possibility of their independent use against the USSR equivalent to national suicide. Since about 1957 Britain has been within the range of Soviet medium-range missiles with nuclear warheads, against which no defence exists and none is in sight.

Now that both the United States and the USSR possess the atomic capability to devastate each other, an uneasy strategic atomic stalemate, or balance of terror, prevails.

A few figures will give an indication of the technical possibilities which lie behind this balance of terror. One American analyst estimated that in the first two days of an all-out war between Russia and America, about 100 million Russians might be killed—but also 20 million Americans. This was two years ago and now the score in megadeaths might be even larger and nearer. The Federal Civil Defence Administration has computed that an attack on the industrial complex and air bases of the United States with 250 H-bombs each of ten-megaton power would be likely to kill some 40 million people immediately, that is by blast, thermal and direct radiation effects, and another 30 million in the next two months by the delayed effects of radiation and by the radiation from fall-out. Comparable numbers of Russian dead would result from a similar attack on the Soviet industrial complex and air and missile bases.

Reactions in Britain to this situation and to the role of British atomic weapons are many and various. Some hail the hydrogen bomb as a heaven-sent device to free mankind from the age-old curse of war. Such optimists are apt to be somewhat evasive as to what practical steps should be taken in relation to British defence policy on the one hand and to Britain's disarmament policy on the other. Others see the present strategic stalemate as intrinsically unstable and liable to collapse at any moment into all-out atomic war. Amongst this group are some who seek salvation in an intensified arms race on the lines recommended by the advisory council of the Democratic National Committee in their recent pamphlet *The Military Forces We Need and How to Get Them*. This programme has the main objectives of attempting to catch up with the present Soviet lead both in long-range missiles and conventional weapons. Some hold that it would be dangerous to attempt to negotiate a general settlement of East-West differences till these missile and conventional war gaps are closed, which cannot be until about 1964.

A small but active minority in Great Britain consider that Britain should opt out completely from both the atomic arms race and effectively also out of Nato.

Probably the largest group in Britain take a middle line: neither seeing H-bombs as the salvation of mankind; nor holding that the strategic balance will be drastically changed by each technical advance in rocket motors or electronic guiding systems; nor believing that a massive rearmament programme is either militarily necessary or politically possible. This group is worried about the following three main points: the dangers arising from the West's weakness in conventional armaments; the danger that the use of tactical atomic weapons in a limited war may lead unintentionally to all-out war; finally the dangers arising from the spread of atomic weapons to many more than the present three atomic powers. It is with the fears and the hopes of this group that the main arguments of this article will be chiefly concerned. The first problem to be discussed will be that of the role of tactical atomic weapons in land war.

Declining Western Superiority

The relevant steps by which the present dilemma arose are worth recalling. About 1954, when it was assumed that the West had still a marked quantitative superiority in both strategic and tactical atomic weapons, the military doctrine seems to have been as follows: any major aggression by the conventional forces of the USSR would be met by the use of tactical atomic weapons on or near the battlefield to strengthen the western land forces; the danger that the USSR might reply by atomic attack on western cities would be met by the threat of much greater devastation of the Soviet homeland by the

Re-thinking?

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Strategic Air Command. This doctrine amounts in effect to the use of the still assumed superior strategic atomic power to attack the enemy homeland to make it safe for the West to use its assumed superior tactical atomic power on the battlefield. This was perhaps militarily tenable till about 1956: it then became less plausible since it was no longer possible to make the essential assumptions of atomic superiority at both the strategic and tactical level. So a new doctrine had to be sought. None has found general acceptance, though many have been suggested.

One school of military theorists, conceding that the West could no longer impose on the enemy its own chosen limitations on the use of tactical atomic weapons, holds that some kind of tacit agreement could be arrived at with the USSR on rules for their use. However, so far no agreement has been reached even by the theorists in the West as to what type of rules to suggest, and most professional military men seem determinedly sceptical of the validity of any such approach. The official publicised Soviet view is that limited nuclear war is not possible – their actual military doctrine for planning and training purposes may perhaps be essentially different. Thus, it would not be far wrong to state that there is no clear doctrine in the West at present as to whether the initiation of tactical atomic war by the West would or would not lead to atomic attack on western cities.

Many writers have assumed that, in some way or other, limited atomic war can be kept limited, and have discussed the conditions under which it would pay the West to initiate it. It is clear that the immediate problem for the West is not whether to have tactical atomic weapons – they already exist on both sides – but whether, when, and how to use them. It is believed that the Soviet armies are supplied with tactical atomic weapons and are fully trained to fight either offensively or defensively and either with or without them. In the event of armed conflict the Soviet command is likely to attempt to exploit its superiority in conventional land forces, so possibly leaving the West with the desperate choice of having to accept military defeat in the field or initiating tactical nuclear war. If the USSR initiated their use, clearly the West would follow suit. The immediate key problem is what the West should do if the USSR does not use them.

The Tactical A-bomb Myth

Many attempts have been made to demonstrate that the mutual use of tactical atomic weapons would favour the side with the fewer troops. However, strong criticisms of this view are now being made and many western experts now seem to agree that the use of tactical atomic weapons would require not less but more troops. This has long been the published Soviet view and may well be one of the reasons why the USSR kept its army strength to a high level during the period of United States atomic superiority. One of the main reasons for greater numbers of troops required is that larger reserves are needed to replace the very heavy casualties expected in tactical nuclear war.

Others argue that the initiation of the use of tactical atomic weapons by the West would be advantageous because their use would favour the side which is on the strategic defensive – by definition the West. This argument stresses that the existence of tactical atomic weapons would prevent the great concentration of troops required for the successful offensives of the last war, and so on balance would favour the defence. This view has also come in for sharp criticism. It is pointed out that such large concentrations might not be needed for a successful offensive because of the increased fire power produced by atomic weapons. Moreover, the defending side would also have to keep widely dispersed, thus facilitating tactics of manoeuvre and encirclement. It is also emphasised that tactical atomic weapons can undoubtedly be used very effectively in an offensive operation – Soviet military writers also stress this.

The American report already referred to discusses carefully the role of tactical atomic weapons and arrives at the conclusion '. . . that Nato cannot overcome its relative weakness, *vis-à-vis* the forces of the other side, by the simple expedient of committing itself to the use of nuclear weapons. On the contrary, the commitment to nuclear weapons inevitably increases the relative advantages of the other side – provided Russian forces are equipped with nuclear weapons, as we know they are . . . '.

The Certainty of Uncertainty

It seems possible that, if a limited conventional war was turned into a tactical atomic war, the logistic supply of the armies in the field would become impossible, thus bringing operations to a halt and so favouring the side on the defensive. However, it has been pointed out that in many possible cases the western communications would be much more vulnerable than those of the Soviet armies, because of the greater role of sea-borne supplies through ports. It is generally agreed that, if in Korea both sides had used tactical atomic weapons, the ports on which the allied effort depended would have been unusable and the allies would have had to accept defeat.

Even if the initiation by Nato, say in an initially conventional war in Germany, did bring operations to a halt, the cost would have to be taken into account – this might amount to several million German civilian dead, as is shown by the exercise *Carte Blanche*. Germany has survived total defeat in two major wars. Would she survive a tactical atomic victory?

Even if it could be demonstrated that the initiation of the use of tactical atomic weapons would favour the side on the strategic defensive, there are possible situations when the West would wish to engage, albeit locally, on large-scale offensive land operations. Suppose a political rising occurred in East Germany and that Soviet land forces proceeded to suppress it. Then West German forces might intervene and would bring strong pressure on Nato to support them. Then suppose that the western forces which were attempting to reach the centres of the East German uprising found themselves blocked by Soviet armies: the decision would then have to be made as to whether to initiate the use of tactical atomic weapons to attempt to compensate for the West's inferiority in ground forces.

I think it most probable that the decision would be against doing so and that the West would accept limited defeat rather than take the three risks inherent in initiating tactical nuclear war: the risk of accelerating defeat in the field: the risk of obliterating the people whom one is attempting to defend or to protect: and the risk of starting the process of escalation towards total war.

Returning to the general problem of possible advantages and disadvantages to the West resulting from the initiation of tactical nuclear war, I am convinced that the most important certainty is that there would be uncertainty; and that this uncertainty would prevail and lead to inaction, whatever the consequences.

Military caution would suggest that the attempt to distinguish operationally between tactical and strategic atomic weapons should be abandoned and that tactical atomic weapons should therefore be kept under the same rigid control as strategic weapons; or in the language of deterrence, the little deterrent must be considered in practice as part of the great deterrent.

I think, moreover, that Nato would be well advised to announce that in no circumstances would it initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons, though it would use them if the Soviet forces did.

Clearly, the only sensible military policy for the West would be to attempt as soon as possible to match more nearly the strength of the Soviet land forces in Europe and to provide the equipment and training for land war both with and without tactical atomic weapons.

To end this survey of the West's attempt to gain military advantage by exploiting a now non-existent technological superiority, it may be worth while to draw attention to some purely military merits of conventional land war as practised during World War II. For there is a wealth of experience to prove the great advantage of defence over the offence: it was quite usual for a position to be successfully defended against an attacking force outnumbering the defender by three or even five to one. Perhaps conventional war is after all the best military way for the West to solve its self-set problem of how to be safe without becoming soldiers.

Without a shadow of doubt the West, since the war, has committed a vast military blunder in neglecting adequate preparation for land warfare in the mistaken view that atomic weapons would do instead. Moreover, there is no quick way to close this conventional-war gap which has been allowed to come into being, in spite of a considerable western superiority in manpower and in spite of a large industrial superiority. Not only has the West fewer divisions but many of those it has are markedly less well equipped than those of the USSR.

The raising of more Nato divisions, the re-equipment with modern weapons of existing forces, the qualitative improvement of conventional weapons by a crash-programme of research and development; all these would take at least a few years to implement. In the meantime the West has to live with effective atomic parity and with conventional war inferiority. No one can restore to us the years that the locust hath eaten.

Scraps of White Papers

We have now to look at recent British defence policy in the light of some of these considerations. For our purposes it will be sufficient to go back only as far as the Defence White Paper of April 1957, entitled *Outline of Future Policy*. As is well known, the most important provisions were the plans for the ending of the call-up for National Service in 1960, the reduction of the British contribution to the ground forces of Nato in Europe, the emphasis given to the fact that it was not possible to defend the British population against nuclear attack, and the reliance to an even greater extent than formerly on the deterrent power of nuclear weapons to prevent major aggression.

The main criticisms of this policy were threefold: it went far to disrupt Nato planning for adequate land strength in Europe; consequently, it forced Nato to rely increasingly on tactical nuclear weapons, just at the time when their possible advantage to Nato was becoming increasingly problematic; and finally, to prevent major aggression, it re-emphasised reliance on nuclear retaliation against the sources of power in the USSR, at a time when putting it into effect would mean the destruction of Great Britain. It was claimed

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that these changes enabled the 1957 Defence budget to be kept below £1500 million, instead of the £1700 million which it would have had without these changes, thus saving £200 million a year.

The policy of the White Paper was in fact neither new nor confined to Britain, but constituted an important step in a process of gradual increasing reliance on atomic weapons, which was also markedly evident in the United States at the same period. It is clear, in retrospect, that such a forthright formulation just at that time of this policy was based less on defence than on political considerations. For Great Britain was still in a state of humiliation and financial crisis, as a result of the Suez campaign of the previous autumn, and the government's popularity had reached its lowest ebb. Thus for both internal and external political reasons it was essential that the government should not increase the defence budget, and should, at the same time, appear to be strengthening the military power of Britain. The solution was to reduce British real military strength, particularly in ground forces in Europe, and to attempt to make the reduction palatable by announcing increased reliance on nuclear weapons.

Britain's Non-existent Policy

Another strand of thought may possibly have also been of importance in leading to the 1957 policy. The British government may well have held that a Soviet attack in Europe was highly unlikely, so that there was very little chance of the military deficiencies of their policy ever being found out. However, they may have been inhibited from saying so publicly for fear of offending those elements in America who base their plans on the assumption that the USSR was awaiting the first favourable moment to launch a full-scale attack.

On the whole the political objectives of the new policy were achieved. The arms budget was not increased, the storm of home and foreign military and political criticisms was left to spend its force, and the electoral prospects of the government party increased notably.

Britain was left without an operational defence policy – I use these words to denote a body of military doctrine on which realistic military planning and training could be based. There is no doubt that this deficiency is fully realised in some government circles and that important changes in policy may be under consideration. So far there has been no hint as to what these changes may be.

It is clear that the British nuclear stockpile cannot in fact deter any other country from a hostile act unless there is some chance, even if only a very small one, that, in given circumstances, the bombs would be used. Much discussion, much of it very evasive, has taken place on the question as to what such circumstances might be: a common conclusion is that a major Soviet attack even with conventional forces would unleash a British atomic attack on Soviet cities. Leaving out the difficulty of deciding just what constitutes a major attack, it seems very hard to think out realistically the circumstances in which the British government would in fact dispatch nuclear weapons from British soil against the USSR, knowing that within a few hours London and other major cities could be destroyed. Until clarity is achieved on this point, Britain cannot be said to have an intelligible defence policy. It may be that there is a clear and confidential doctrine in the Defence Ministry, but this seems unlikely, because, long before any preparatory action to use atomic weapons was taken, the British public would have to be told something of what was in store for them. Not to give them a clear warning would be irresponsible in the highest degree.

Any possible doubt about what the official British defence policy amounts to was removed by the statement in the 1958 White Paper that 'A full scale Soviet attack could not be repelled without resort to a massive nuclear bombardment of the sources of power in Russia'. There is no room for doubt that in practice, if not in intention, the phrase 'sources of power in Russia' was a euphemism for Russian cities. No doubt other targets such as airfields, missile bases and other military establishments would also be attacked, but it is undeniable that the main sources of power in the USSR, as in other industrial countries, lie in her cities. Thus the putting into effect of the official British defence policy would be likely to lead, in the event of a major Soviet aggression on land, to the obliteration of Britain. In fact, it is clear that this aspect of British defence policy is not an action policy to be put into effect under certain circumstances but a declaratory policy to deter a major attack. In my view there is much less danger of a mutual holocaust than of a western military and political débâcle arising from the failure to work out a viable military policy to deal with foreseeable types of events. When official policy is to do impossible things, then, if put to the test, nothing is done.

Though, of course, all the views that I have expressed are still highly controversial, I do consider it fair to hold that the criticism of the 1957 and 1958 White Papers is overwhelming. In my view the card house of our defence policy erected on a base of bluff and politics has collapsed and will never be resurrected in its old form. I will proceed, therefore, on the basis that there is at present in Britain no consistent and intelligible operational defence policy. Nor is there, in fact, in the US, and for precisely analogous reasons. Now that it is believed that Soviet long-range ballistic missiles with atomic warheads against which no defence is possible can reach American cities, in addition to the possibility of attack by manned bombers, against which there may be a rather good but not 100 per cent. defence, America is now essentially in the situation in which Britain found herself in 1956 or even earlier.

Before discussing in detail possible modifications of western defence policy it may be useful to say something more of the historic steps by which the West has reached its present awkward military situation.

The Triumph of the Airmen

Since the end of the Second World War there have been three occasions on which, following the western military doctrine of the time, the use of atomic weapons to redress the balance in a limited struggle was seriously contemplated. The western world owes much to the restraint of President Truman that atomic bombs were not used in Korea, and to President Eisenhower that they were not used in Indo-China or during the Quemoy struggle. It appears that in Indo-China, America came very close to using tactical atomic weapons against the North Indo-Chinese forces besieging Dien Bien Phu. The use for the second time of atomic weapons by white people against coloured would have been a major moral and political disaster for the West, and quite likely would not have saved the French base.

The rise in the West of the doctrine of winning wars quickly and cheaply by air attack on the enemy's war-making capacity rather than against his armed forces arose out of the long struggle of the early military airmen to break through the military conservatism of the soldiers and sailors. This struggle convinced them, probably at that time rightly, that the air arm would remain backward technically if left under the control of the army and navy. Air attack on the enemy's war-making capacity rather than his armed forces provided a military role for air power which could be exercised independently of the two older services. Tactical support of land forces was excluded as a major role of British and American air power (but not of German or Russian) as it would have made the Air Force strategically subordinate to the army.

In my view, no real military theory of the 'exercise of true air power', as it later came to be called by some British writers, was ever achieved: in effect, what passed for one was a theory of the exercise of air superiority, that is, how best to destroy the enemy's war-making capacity when the enemy could not destroy yours. No complete theory of such an independent strategy was ever formulated because it could not be kept within the air force's own province: for it would have been necessary to include in it the passive defence of one's own civilian population. This is so because it soon became clear that air attack on the enemy's war-making capacity generally led to attack on cities and so on the civilian population. If the usual military principle had been adopted, that of preparing to be attacked with the same weapons with which one is preparing to attack an enemy, then the huge cost of an adequate civil defence system would have had to be incurred.

The Jupiter Complex

This doctrine of the independent use of air power against the war-making capacity of the enemy long pre-dated atom bombs and was, of course, the foundation of the area bombing offensives of the last war; it reached its peak of esteem after 1942 in the Second World War, when Germany could not afford a serious counter-attack due to her heavy involvement in a vast land war in Russia, and again during the period of atomic monopoly and marked quantitative superiority (1945-53) when no serious atomic counter-attack was possible.

It was towards the end of this period that the doctrine of massive retaliation at the times and places of our own choosing was formulated – it is said, by British strategists. This policy was generally understood to mean the use of atomic air attack on the enemy's war-making capacity rather than on his armed forces to make him abandon some military action which the West could not defeat by conventional means. Actually this policy had been effectively accepted all through the period of atomic monopoly, when it in fact was a militarily feasible policy. But its formulation in about 1954 in these memorable but disastrous words came just when it became militarily absurd due to the growth of the Soviet atomic stockpile. And today, with effective parity in atomic destructive power between East and West, the exercise of air power has become inextricably entangled with the preservation of the civil life of the country. Since most western countries have made no attempt to provide any significant civil defence – even a moderately effective one would be enormously expensive and take many years to produce – they are not in a position to withstand the type of attack which they have planned to be able to inflict on the enemy. The exercise of true air power no longer appears so easy or cheap a road to victory.

It is important to discuss the possibility of distinguishing between atomic attack on the enemy's war-making capacity and deliberate attack on cities and the civilian population. Much stress has

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been placed by military analysts on this distinction between these two policies, that is, between a counter-force and a counter-city strategy. First, we note that the scale of a nuclear attack on the enemy's air and missile bases, to destroy his power of nuclear counter-attack, would have to be of such a scale as to lead to many tens of millions of enemy civilians killed, and would not differ in this respect greatly from a direct attack on his cities. Moreover, the likelihood of such an attack succeeding is very small, and so to launch one would be immensely risky.

Another logical distinction of current importance demands some mention: this is the distinction between preventive war and a pre-emptive first strike. Preventive war can be defined as an aggressive war undertaken by a power which considers itself temporarily superior to a hostile power, but knows that this superiority will not last. On the other hand, a pre-emptive first strike is an attack on the enemy made to forestall the attack which you know he is going to make on you. Since the western world has often stated that it will never wage aggressive war, a preventive war is ruled out; on the other hand, clearly there can be fewer moral scruples against being the first to strike when, if you don't, you will certainly be destroyed. From the logical and moral standpoints the distinction is clear: in the actual world of real life and death the distinction can easily dissolve into nothingness in the inevitable fog of political crisis and war preparations. Consider such a time of crisis, with news of political uprisings, of troop movements reported by neutrals of dubious reliability, of radio intercepting, of disputed radar echoes, of widely diverging intelligence appreciation: if one considers such a situation, one will realise that it is unlikely that one will be certain enough of the enemy's intention to make it possible to base action policy on a distinction between preventive war and pre-emptive first strike. It may be that some future historian, if any survive the holocaust, may conceivably dig out of the ashes records by which he will be able to sift the conflicting evidence for or against the view that nation A immorally waged preventive war against nation B or morally made a pre-emptive first strike.

From such dilemmas as these comes the theory of deterrence: that is, that the role of atomic air power is no longer to win wars but to make them impossible. Thus came into existence an excessively complicated set of theoretical and numerical arguments essentially dealing with such problems as the extent to which a military threat which one dares not implement can deter an enemy from an action which you do not want him to take, or force him to do something which you want him to do. The ramifications of such theories and calculations have reached scholastic subtlety and are expressed in a formidable jargon: such as the numerical balancing of the enemy's pre-emptive first strike counter-force atomic capability against one's own second strike counter-city atomic capability, or vice versa; theorising which, however necessary it is, in my view is hardly likely to provide the military and civil heads of governments with the basis of practical decisions in a crisis – where the penalty for a miscalculation is annihilation.

If there are in any country, whether Soviet or western, military strategists or operational analysts who favour a first strike counter-force attack, I think they would be guilty of staking the fate of civilisation on a game of atomic roulette played on electronic computers.

What is curious in this story is that the professional soldiers as a whole (with a few notable exceptions) put up such ineffective opposition to the official adoption of a doctrine with which most must have been in violent disagreement. Perhaps their early misguided opposition to the legitimate demands of the rising air forces to a place in the military sun checked them from effective opposition to the later wild extravagances of air power theory.

If a scientist may be forgiven for mixing his classical metaphors, one might think of the earth-bound soldiers as becoming beguiled by the sirens' song of their airmen colleagues, who, spiritually intoxicated by flight at 50,000 feet in a jet bomber with an H-bomb in the bomb bay, sang of the ease with which they could keep erring mankind in order by threatening them (as if they were Jove himself) with atomic thunderbolts. This Jupiter complex of the airmen came to dominate disastrously the military thinking of much of the western world and was an important factor in bringing about the present western inferiority in conventional weapons. A comparison between national pride and service pride may not be inapt. Nationalism has been and still is one of the creative forces of history; but also, in extreme form, the seeds of its greatest disasters. So also pride in the role and tradition of a fighting service is the mainstay of its efficiency and morale: yet one must recognise that recent forms of extreme inter-service rivalry have had a disastrous effect on the whole structure of western defence policy.

Defeat by Syllogism

In fact the soldiers, even the greatest and most hard-headed, did get out of their depth when faced with the problems of air and land war in an age of atomic weapons. Without caricature one can construct out of military doctrine a few years ago the following propositions: If the enemy attacks with conventional forces, we will reply with atomic bombs on his cities. If his cities are attacked, the enemy will attack ours. If a country has no effective civil defence against atomic bombs and its cities are attacked, it will be defeated. None of our cities has any civil defence. The military doctrine might well be called ensuring defeat by syllogism.

Just what is the present policy of Nato with regard to the use of tactical nuclear weapons is not easy to discern. In some unofficial formulations one finds the assertion of the intention of the West to initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons in certain circumstances, combined with the belief that limited nuclear war in Europe is not possible. This seems to come perilously close to another version of ensuring defeat by syllogism. Admittedly the Nato planners are faced with an intolerable problem through the refusal of their member states to provide adequate ground forces. But this fact does not make their apparent present policy sensible.

Parallel with the acceptance of a policy which amounted to attack on enemy civilian populations, as a reply to a hostile military attack, even made only with conventional forces, went inevitably a transformation of ethical standards. Within a few decades, most political, military, religious and moral leaders of the West came to accept as justifiable a military doctrine which previously they would have denounced as wicked, nauseatingly immoral and inconceivable as a policy for the West. If, in response to a Soviet aggression with conventional forces, the American and British atomic bombers had been set in motion to carry out the plans for which they are trained, then the six million victims of Hitler's gas chambers would be hardly remembered: the

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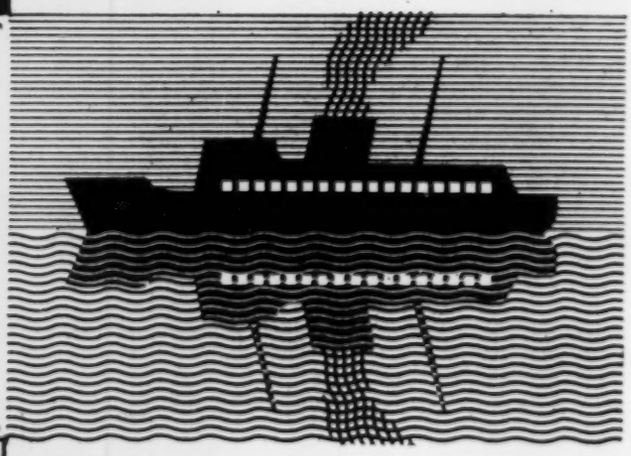
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humane and civilised West would have sunk below the level of Genghis Khan.

To justify to the tender conscience of western peoples the deliberate plan, in certain military circumstances, to annihilate tens of millions of Russian men, women and children, it was necessary to believe the USSR to be innately aggressive and wicked. Once a nation pledges its safety to an absolute weapon, it becomes emotionally essential to believe in an absolute enemy.

At the intellectual level, it came to be believed that the USSR might attack the West as soon as she estimated that she had a marginal superiority in military power: this is sometimes expressed in the current jargon by alleging that her intentions would become equal to her capability. On this view, the slightest falling behind of the West in military power would precipitate a holocaust. It was this set of beliefs which in 1957 led to the violent reaction to Sputnik I and which leads today to what I feel strongly is an excessive concern with the precise relative strength of the American and Soviet atomic striking power.

The era of the most fervent belief in the aggressiveness of the USSR did, in fact, last from about 1948, when America had acquired a sizeable stockpile of atomic bombs, to about 1956, when the Soviet stockpile also became quite large. Now with the acceptance of effective atomic parity and the continued failure of the West to match the USSR in land forces, a change in attitude towards the USSR is politically necessary. For sound practical reasons the West is finding it necessary to abandon the moral consolation of having an absolute enemy. For there are clear political disadvantages in estimating the USSR as both innately aggressive and possibly militarily stronger. Corresponding changes in the USSR are clearly in progress and, under the influence of the immense destructiveness of American H-bombs, the Communist concept of western capitalism as being inevitably aggressive is also under modification.

Till recently and with a few notable exceptions, there has been a surprising lack of protest from the moral leaders of the western countries, whether in or out of the churches, against the gradual growth of policy of atomic attack on enemy civilian population; or of emphasis on the moral abyss into which the western powers would have fallen if ever it had been put into operation.

Not infrequently the thesis has been upheld that national suicide was preferable to defeat. It is essential to understand that, while individuals can commit suicide, nations cannot: what is meant by this phrase, if anything at all, is that rather than accept defeat, the few individuals composing a government of a country would be justified in acting in such a way as to kill everybody else. In fact, much of such talk was only moral boasting. It is interesting to speculate how many of the individuals who mouth these brave words would, in fact, individually commit suicide in the event of defeat – history suggests only a very few.

More than once I have heard my airmen friends pursue the logic of their thought to the point where they almost seemed to hold it the duty of their nation to accept destruction in order to validate the theory of true air power.

The policy of massive retaliation at the times and places of our own choosing, which in practice would in many circumstances have meant atomic attack on civilians, however much this fact had been clothed euphemistically as attacks on the enemy's war-making capacity, contradicted every moral and international obligation. It is ironical that this doctrine was the chosen slogan of Mr Foster Dulles, the most passionate political moralist of our times. There is a deeper irony in the fact that it was not the first use of the atomic bomb in 1945, but the loss of its monopoly by the West, which sent the moralists back to their morals and the theologians back to Grotius's formulation three hundred years ago of the *Principles of the Just War* in not so very different circumstances from today.

Quite recently a more forceful expression of the ethical view has been given by Lt General Sir John Cowley in a lecture to the Royal United Service Institution:

> Before finishing this lecture I must say a word about the ethical problems which are raised by weapons of mass destruction, as I believe these to be extremely important and relevant to the whole business of future warfare. . . . The choice of death or dishonour is one which has always faced the professional fighting man, and there must be no doubt in his mind what his answer must be. He chooses death for himself so that his country may survive, or on a grander scale so that the principles for which he is fighting may survive. Now we are facing a somewhat different situation, when the reply is not to be given by individuals but by countries as a whole. Is it right for the government of a country to choose complete destruction of the population rather than some other alternative, however unpleasant that other alternative may be? Should we in any circumstances be morally right to choose not only the termination of our own existence as a nation, but also the existence of future generations of our own countrymen and even of the whole civilised world? To take an example from history, it might well have been that the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, threatened with inevitable conquest by the barbarian hordes, might have considered that the total destruction of humanity would be preferable than the immediate prospects that faced them. How wrong they would have been. The human race can in time recover from almost anything, but it cannot recover from universal death.

As a result of these events, the utmost confusion reigns in the West about the basis of military planning, with a corresponding confusion in the political field – this has been designated by an American wit as a 'state of agonised paralysis at the times and places of our own choosing'.

The Great Power Safety-Catch

At the 1959 election the Labour Party proposed a plan for a non-nuclear club, which may be aptly called a plan for maintaining a Great Power Safety Catch. It has often been dismissed as insincere on the ground that the party leaders well knew that countries like France and Sweden might not agree to give up their prospect of nuclear weapons. I agree that, if the idea were abandoned merely because one or more countries declined to participate, the allegation of insincerity would have some foundation. But it seems clear that even a few members of the club would be better than none. It is entirely irrelevant at the moment whether the great majority of the weaker or smaller nations of the world are members or not, provided both great powers agree not to give any of them atomic weapons for their own independent use. The more important countries are those which could make their own within a few years, and every effort would have to be made to recruit as many of these as possible as members. But if a few are recalcitrant, harm, but not fatal harm, will be done. For even a club of limited membership means that the number of independent national

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fingers on nuclear triggers will be reduced, and so the overall risk will be less than if the spread of privately owned bombs is unchecked. Moreover, if the two great powers use their influence wisely they can certainly do much to make non-membership of the club less attractive. Some risk is inevitable in an age of atomic weapons – the risk that Britain might be atom bombed by France or Sweden is one which we may not be able to do anything about – but it won't disturb my sleep.

Since, then, the already existing nuclear stockpiles of the great powers must be counted in tens of thousands, a fraction, say ten per cent., would mean many thousands, and if these were given away to the complete control of smaller powers they would far outnumber those which are likely to be manufactured by any of the smaller powers for many years. So the immediate step in the problem of checking the spread of bombs in the West is not so much the checking of independent manufacture but of maintaining vigorously the present American ownership of all its nuclear weapons.

I conclude from these considerations that Britain should content herself with (a) inducing as many as possible medium and low rank nations to join the Great Power Safety Catch Club; (b) obtaining a reasonable promise from both great powers that no atomic weapons will be given to any other powers, free of their own safety catch: this assured, Britain should follow the Labour Party proposals to cease production of her own A- and H-bombs, dismantle her stocks and submit her atomic installations to international inspection, as would all other members of the club. No alteration in Britain's relation to US atomic bases or to Nato is implied by these first steps.

As has already been explained, there is no military method of closing rapidly the conventional weapon gap, and for the time being the West must learn to live with it. Moreover, one must not underestimate the political, financial and diplomatic difficulties of even starting the process of closing the gap. For this would involve an increased arms programme which would be hard to make acceptable just at a time when there is a real improvement in East-West relations and a real possibility of at least limited disarmament. In the case of Britain, some of the increased cost of strengthened land forces could perhaps be partly offset by reduction or elimination of her atomic weapon programme.

Britain's Hand on the US Trigger?

However, I do not believe that a marked increase of British land forces is a possibility, either for internal or for external political reasons, unless combined with a definite and drastic reduction of the West's dependence on atomic weapons. As already mentioned, I think that the minimum condition would be the public decision that the West would not be the first to use atomic weapons of any kind. In the disarmament discussions now in progress, the renunciation by the West of the first use of atomic weapons would be a powerful argument to negotiate a reduction of Soviet land forces in the European sector: for the Soviet military hold that conventional land warfare requires fewer troops than tactical atomic warfare.

In the past, one of the main arguments for an independent atomic capability for Britain has been that it could be used to force the US to use her strategic atomic power on our behalf.

In the dream world of some present-day military theorists the argument goes somewhat as follows. The value to Britain of an independent atomic capability is that it could be used to trigger off the American Strategic Air Command if a crisis arose in which the President would not order it into action unless his hand was forced. For instance, if Soviet radar picked up a missile travelling from Britain, the USSR would assume that a general attack had begun and retaliate against the whole western system – or America would assume that they might assume this and immediately join in. So the British H-bomb was held to have a catalytic function in the sense that it gives Britain a share in the physical control of the SAC far more convincing than any formal agreement with the US.

Wanted: Non-nuclear Allies

Even in the era of atomic monopoly this argument seemed more than doubtful: in an era of atomic parity it is not only nonsense but the direct opposite of sense. For there cannot be the slightest doubt that if any medium rank power initiated atomic warfare with the intention of involving a great power, the inevitable reaction of the latter would be to disclaim immediately all responsibility and to state emphatically by all available means that it was taking no part. The same course would be true if France tried to involve Britain in the same way or vice versa. No country will allow itself to be led by other countries to destruction without making every possible attempt to take evasive action. Just as atomic bombers have a technical fail-safe device which recalls them from a mission if anything goes wrong, so it is inevitable that every country will have to devise its own political fail-safe policy, designed to insulate itself from the dangers due to other countries' actions. This is the reason why the giant powers are bound to be the best disposed to non-nuclear allies. However much one may hope that the rigid national divisions of the world today may be softened, one inalienable right of the sovereign state is likely to remain for long: that is the right of a government to obliterate its citizens only at the times and places of its own choosing.

There can be little doubt that if nuclear weapons do come into the sole possession of many Nato powers, either by independent manufacture or by gifts from the giant powers, then a common-defence policy for western Europe will become very difficult and Nato may tend to break up into a number of nuclearly armed and mutually suspicious states: in fact, possibly more suspicious of each other than of the USSR.

In my view this situation cannot be altered by the building up of the much-discussed European as opposed to Nato deterrent – meaning by this a strategic and tactical nuclear capability under exclusive European control. I have failed to envisage any possible way in which a dozen independent nations could make arrangements for the joint control of such nuclear forces, which avoided on the one hand the danger of such divided and ponderous control as to remove its military value, and on the other, the much greater danger of careless or irresponsible action by one nation involving the others.

In fact, I can see no plausible way in which the European defence community can survive either with its own jointly owned nuclear forces or with individual national nuclear forces. I feel that the present situation, with an American safety catch on all its own nuclear weapons, wherever situated, is much more stable than either of the above alternatives. However, to keep it stable, it is essential for Britain to renounce her own nuclear forces, otherwise their spread to other countries will never be checked.

P. M. S. Blackett

Good Works

IMPARTIALLY, the evening cast a boudoir light over broken gods, men who sold fake urns behind the Parthenon, and an old woman crocheting a shawl. She was painfully neat, in woollen stockings darned like tapestry.

'For the love of Jesu,' she begged in Russian, offering a shawl and crossing herself three times. We bought it, while night wavered over the scurf of Athens. 'I have a carpet at home,' she followed us downhill, 'trodden by the patriarch Alexei.' Taxi drivers hung over the chromium loins of their Chevrolets, waiting seductively. 'For the love of Jesu, come and see my carpet.' She sat bolt upright as our taxi jabbed through a turmoil of yellow trams.

We groped into a basement, divided by cardboard partitions into several hundred rooms. Since the partitions went only halfway to the roof, oaths and argument shot overhead like so much shrapnel. A balalaika moaned idly through a door of sacking marked Private. 'My cousin from Kavkaz; he can't find a job. He used to play at weddings. . .' the old woman shook to and fro, eyes shut; 'how he played! God himself would weep.'

A yellow nose poked around the door: 'Go away, *yaiya*, unless you want to lend me ten drachmae'. Croaking with laughter, she led us into the maze, a stench of latrine drowning the cheap scent.

A woman put her head out: 'From the authorities, aren't you? Just look here,' butting us towards her ramshackle bed, 'see what you give me to lie on!' Newspaper covered the pallet. 'I escaped from Rumania, you know,' delving into her sateen bosom for a document. 'Read it—this proves I bit a police agent in Bucharest.' Shrilly, her misfortune nagged us down the labyrinth of cardboard.

'Aii, Rumanians,' spat the grandmother, 'a pack of thieves.'

None of the 'ethnic Greek' refugees appreciated each other, which wasn't surprising: the High Commissioner for Refugees would help only those without Greek passports. 'I've been living here for nine years,' she curtseyed, entering her room. The remote face of God was lit by oil flickering in a sardine tin. White wool hung drying like ectoplasm over the beds.

Another matriarch sat crocheting, one needle in her serpent of white hair. 'I'm 104,' she told no one in particular, chuckling away while the coffee boiled.

'Holy virgin, yesterday you were 102,' complained a dwarf, cross-leg on the bed. 'Be careful,' he sniggered, 'or they might shove you in the old-age home.' As no Greek would think of consigning his relative to an institution, the World Council of Churches talked of building flats for aged couples. 'You'll be in Paradise before they've laid a brick,' said the dwarf while she chattered away, happily, about her eight children dead in the Ukraine.

People kept on trotting through the room with pails of water. 'We have the only tap,' he explained proudly, 'but soon we shan't have anything; the factory upstairs is throwing us out. Take an almond cake, please.' When the grandma had collected our coffee dregs for re-boiling, she brought out something bandaged in linen. 'Patriarch Alexei put his foot on this carpet,' unwrapping the marvel with awe. It was a shoddy bazaar rug, with a picture of Mahomet capturing Jerusalem.

'There's the holy footprint,' twittered the

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dwarf, 'on top of Saint Dmitri Donskoi besieging Moscow.' At arm's length, we admired the relic. 'So you like it?' shrieked the dwarf. 'Please take it – no, don't object.'

Both old witches echoed his plea: 'You are a guest, a *xenos*, take anything you like,' and they set up a howl of wounded dignity. Skipping, the dwarf led us out. Children crawled like slugs in the dark, round the ankles of women scrubbing furiously by the latrine tap. We said goodbye, the dwarf's baby hands frog-damp to the touch.

'Aii,' sighed the dwarf, 'how my mother will pine for this holy relic.' There was an uncomfortable silence. 'I might take the carpet back again,' he proposed cautiously, 'if you pay me 200 drachmae for letting you see it.'

* * *

When we arrived to distribute clothing from the Save the Children Fund, every villager stood frozen by the photographer into one hot smile. Flies picked in delirium at the sores of children half-throttled by their best celluloid collars. Heat sucked colour from the crouching mountains beyond Olympia. Glazed with perspiration, Mrs M. began to give out the winter coats. Good-hearted to the point of mania, she was plump, with startling golden hair and a terrible, kind smile. 'The villagers can never thank us enough,' she often said; and here for proof came the banquet – after each child had giggled into the camera, his shaven poll wobbling on a thin neck.

The feast awaited in a brick villa, newly built with the dowry of three daughters, for an earthquake had ruined every mud cottage in the district. Like a string of conkers, the sunburnt notables lined the table to watch us eat. Rancid oil drenched the chicken. 'For God's sake eat it,' urged Mrs M. in a hollow whisper; 'the oil shows how honoured we are.'

'Here they live on bread,' commented Dr Macropulo in execrable French, 'and suffer from vitamin deficiency.' Beak-nosed, he sat frowning at the vermin, his tragic hands tormenting a crumb. Dr Macropulo always looked grim, because he worked hard prescribing medicine the peasantry couldn't afford. His gloom also arose from a wish to go bankrupt in Athens rather than to rot nobly in the Pelopennese.

'Yasus!' cried our host, pledging Mrs M. in wine as resinated as furniture polish.

'They actually wash their children in wine,' Mrs M. told us. 'Our midwife – employed by the Fund – had such a fight with the grandmothers, quite incredible. They dunk their new-born babies in salt, and bind them up like something out of the British Museum.'

When even the bluebottles were sated, Mrs M. thanked our host in fluent Greek with a Wimbledon accent. They roared 'Bravo', but we couldn't leave until the eligible daughter, resembling a good-natured goat, had shown off her hand-woven dowry. Mrs M. fell into the car at last, fending off their hugs. 'I dearly love them,' she said as Dr Macropulo drove away, 'but they do tire one out so.' A peasant bounded out of the hedge to shower unripe oranges through our window. 'Ah, the Greek soul. . . .' Mrs M. powdered her poor face.

Honking through clots of unemployed, Dr Macropulo braked outside the Fund's clinic to avoid running down a queue. 'Rheumatic fever patients,' he shrugged. 'Shall I prescribe a change of air? California perhaps?' He grinned blackly, because emigration is limited to the strong. In the clinic, flies left their trail on plaques commemorating donors abroad, and a nurse squirted flit reverently on Mrs M. In rather damp mood the company moved on for a cocktail at the railway station, because the midwife was married to a young and go-ahead station master. Their opulent olive-wood suite occupied the waiting room. A sensible idea, for only one train called a day. The station master experimented with cocktails of banana liqueur and harsh wine from Santorini, called 'lion's blood'. Mrs M. played safe with *viski*. Dr Macropulo drank one, coughed, and without other preamble thundered forth 'Non, Pagliacci', in a powerful, inaccurate baritone.

'I learn from records,' he confided, inflating his chest for *Otello*. Tears fell into his mouth, and the station master ran out between arias to cope with a train which had no business being there.

* * *

We caught a flash of lake through mist, a gold stamen of minaret revolving obliquely as the plane dived. 'The Turk did not leave Epirus until 1913,' noted our guide-book; 'hence the mosque.' The one in Ioannina was now a museum hidden by minute shops stuffed with dried fish or copper pans which dazzled in the biting blue air. The innocent perfume of bread came from children cuddling loaves to their pinafores to keep warm. One gang fought another at the corner bakery, until bread flew in all directions.

'Your father is a thief – '

'Your father is a Communist' – glibly they chanted back. 'Your father is Albanian,' and ran away screeching. The Albanian refugees had their own slum on the outskirts of Ioannina. Each family shared a hut with 20 others. A young woman stared from a doorstep, vacantly, waiting for someone to dole out relief, or evict her.

Ever since Albania was created, the Greek government has maintained that the frontier came too far south, engulfing northern Epirus and a large Greek minority. Since 1945, about 6,000 refugees have walked over the mountains into Greece. 'And what for?' demanded a man, clean-

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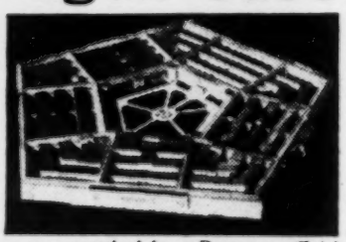

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ing his finger-nail on the barbed wire; 'I'm entitled to starve, oh yes; but I'm not entitled to vote'. With the reflex of aliens always proving their existence, he held out a grubby certificate: 'Nationality Albanian', and stamped below: 'Greek Ethnic'.

Opposite the refugee camp stood a kindergarten, with swings rocking rapturously into the blue. Children tore up and down shouting 'Okay okay okay okay', like an anthem.

'The brats didn't pick it up from me,' swore Melvyn, who was to all appearances a Welsh preacher on holiday, but, in fact, a poultryman helping the Greeks improve their hens. He belonged to the inter-church team which ran the kindergarten. His black suit frankly perfumed with chicken manure, he drove about in a jeep, left hand on the wheel, right hand persuading the villagers to exchange their scrawny cockerels for White Leghorns.

We paid a call on the refugee family where Melvyn was godfather to a bouncing, snot-nosed boy. 'I felt highly honoured,' he said, 'until it became clear that godfathers provide all the nappies and whatnot. Anyway I baptised the infant (he gave a significant gesture), 'total immersion it was.' Evidently the child hadn't been near a bath since.

That evening being Sunday, the inter-church team gathered to sing hymns and collect provender for the week ahead. They worked in remote villages, living on baked beans and idealism. Melvyn played a wheezy harmonium, his ears vermilion with shame. During Silent Meditation the hot-water pipes gurgled so loud that one member of the congregation inquired: 'Could it be the Holy Ghost, now?' A chubby farm-boy from Minnesota shut his eyes tight and prayed that people might know Jesus through their example. He taught olive-pruning in a village where greeenish torrents fed a lifeline of clover in the valley. He belonged to the Mennonite Brotherhood, but knew far less about dogma than his interpreter, a heretic Greek Orthodox who read Renan. At night they would argue about religion, eating beef from the can while the peasantry roasted corn in their primeval darkness.

GERDA L. COHEN

The Arts and Entertainment

The Double-Headed Monster

LOOKING at the Walk, the main shopping drag of my native Norwich, for the first time in almost ten years, I was baffled by the location of the new shiny shops among the established 1890 type emporia – the new ones didn't seem to correspond with any very memorable bomb-sites. Then it struck me – as it had better strike all thinking voters pretty soon – that we are right out of the war-damage epoch in urban renovation, and into another. The bomb-sites aren't all rebuilt yet, but the drive and the emphasis in reconstruction has transferred its attention elsewhere. We are no longer making good what we have lost; we are replacing what we don't want. The demolition squads are at work on perfectly sound structures, wherever their sites are ripe for speculative take-over.

We have been hustled into this second phase intellectually and legislatively unprepared, as the delayed-action uproar over the Monico site on Piccadilly Circus demonstrates – but more of that in a moment, since one basic fact needs to be written into the argument and heavily underlined before another thing is said. Our city centres, untouched by even piecemeal redevelopment since 1939, are now at least twenty years out of date, clogged with inefficient buildings in the wrong places. Simply as physical equipment our urban hubs are intolerable and must be replaced – and we shan't get opportunities like those at Coventry, the centre of Bristol, the southern part of old Canterbury given us on a plate again. Either we shall have no more bomb-sites, or radioactive ones half a mile across.

Large-scale renovation can only come, now, from large-scale legislative action – much larger in scale than, say, Manchester's proposals for a giant down-town flyover. Without such legislation, which no political party seems capable of envisaging at the moment, urban renovation will be done piecemeal through commercial pressure, in the teeth of administrative opposition by local authorities. It is difficult to think of a worse way of renovating anything than the system generally obtaining at present: you have a city needing improvement, you have a body of town-planning legislation whose main aim is to stop developers making gross errors – and then you sit back and hope that property speculators will make the right kind of proposals for the right pieces of land. In other words, the initiative, except in such dependent matters as road-improvements, lies with the commercial developer, not with any constituted authority.

Whatever the social morality of all this, it is inadequate at a purely technical level. 'Big' business isn't half big enough to initiate private enterprise developments on anything like the scale that a modern, mechanised and highly communicative city requires. Any redevelopment triggers an almost unpredictable sequence of by-products over an unpredictably wide area – an addition to the squad of Bentleys leaving the executive car-park at 4.02 may precipitate solid-locked traffic jams a mile away at 4.58; the point where the clean-towel service has to change over from a box-tricycle to a van (which can't be parked on the pavement like the bike) may be the point at which hooting and gear-changing finally produce a noise-level that is unbearable to the first two floors of the building.

Redevelopment alters the load on all the services in the area, raises a hundred issues that need to be watched; but the commercial developer is not likely to nurse these matters in his heart. The local planning authority has to be there ahead of him with a set of dominant responsibilities and minimum standards that the new building and its immediate surroundings must answer. What happens next is predictable – the proposed development and its backers are too small to carry the initial financial load of these responsibilities (even though it might be reasonable when averaged over the whole block) and the project falls through. Nothing gets built, the council rate-roll drops and Tory councillors come on with that old anti-bureaucrat jazz.

Presumably it was in order to duck round this kind of stalemate that the LCC developed its present techniques of manipulative compromise – and in the process has summoned up the two-headed monster that Guy Oddie dubbed *The*

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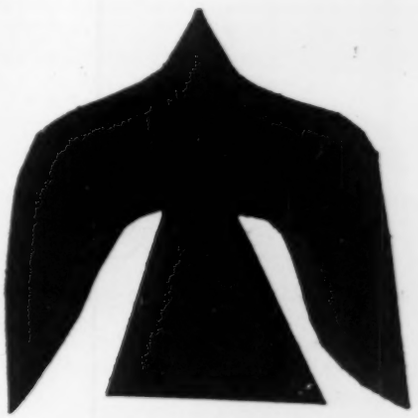

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Sharkitect. What now tends to happen is that when a key site comes ripe for development (say, in connection with a traffic-improvement scheme) the LCC puts the development out to tender, as near as dammit. The bids they take up are double-headers, as the job goes to the project that offers (*a*) the biggest rateable return to the Council, and (*b*) the least repulsive architecture. Along the way, quite a bit of pushing and pulling can be done on both the æsthetics of the scheme and its technical qualities.

The limitations here are obvious. The result can't be better, architecturally, than the best bid from the architect half of the monster, but even that bid won't necessarily come out on top for money reasons. As it turns out the first and second stages of the Elephant and Castle redevelopment, for which the architect will be Ernö Goldfinger, promise very well, and the Notting Hill Gate scheme, now nearly finished, shouldn't be at all bad – the fault there lies with timid circulation-planning by the LCC.

Now Notting Hill Gate, like the Monico project for Piccadilly Circus, is the work of the inseparable partnership of Jack Cotton, developer, and Cotton, Ballard and Blow, architects. Mr Cotton seems not to be an unreasonable man in his own way; when he first mooted this development it covered only a small part of the island site, and the LCC told him it was too important to be done in bits. So he went away and bought some more of it (though even now he doesn't control the whole of it). In addition he seemed prepared to put up with any number of detail modifications by the LCC's architects.

Equally reasonably, he sees no joy in building a high level pedestrian way if it isn't going to join on to anything else at the same level on either side (neither of the adjoining blocks is due for redevelopment before 1965, it is said) especially as he has already given away, for the common good, about £800,000-worth of his £4,000,000 site at ground level. The situation is quite intolerable for all parties concerned, and other, less conspicuous, sites in London and other towns present equally daunting problems. The worst of it is that the resources are usually in scale with the site, and in a smaller town, you usually find a smaller developer and a less well-heeled, less well-armed council, so that the situation is just as bad although the problem is not so big. Quite clearly, at all levels of urban renovation, a bigger operator is required – the government itself, public corporations, or a consortium of private developers – because land has just got to be handled in bigger blocks. The least that the proposed public enquiry on Piccadilly can find is that the whole Circus has got to be done in one rush, or at least phased into a positive time-table, as on the Barbican. But, just what should be done with a site like Piccadilly Circus when you have – at last – decided on a Comprehensive Redevelopment is another matter, and will have to wait for another article.

REYNER BANHAM

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Will This Kite Fly?

THERE was a little flurry of publicity last week for commercial sound-radio: Mr Geoffrey Hirst, MP, announced the formation of a company known as Radio Yorkshire, and Lord Teynham initiated a debate in the House of Lords in the course of which he urged the Government to establish 'a commercial independent sound broadcasting organisation which might well be devoted entirely to music and musical items'.

These two Conservative parliamentarians clearly had in mind two different kinds of commercial radio. If Mr Hirst's company were to start operating, it would presumably run a local broadcasting station, catering specially for Yorkshire listeners. Lord Teynham wants a national programme of continuous background music.

The kite was, perhaps, premature. The Government spokesman, Lord Chesham, told Lord Teynham that 'a long-term look would be required', and reminded him that the BBC's licence does not expire until 1962. None the less, there is no doubt that preparations are being made for a campaign comparable in some respects with that which forced the Television Act on the government and parliament: it took Mr Norman Collins four years to win that battle, and his formidable figure has been seen at the House of Commons this week. The day after the Lords debate, too, the BBC felt moved to state that they had been considering 'for some time' the development of the Corporation's sound services in general, and their extension into local broadcasting: 'Any major extension . . . depends in the first instance on the allocation of existing frequencies in the v.h.f. band. The BBC have already made known to the Post Office their desire to use further v.h.f. frequencies to fill gaps in their present v.h.f. coverage and for local broadcasting'.

Such statements are apt to excite scepticism; but this, I am assured, was genuinely not a *propter hoc*. There has not yet been a formal *démarche* by the BBC to the Postmaster-General, but talks have been going on at the official level for some months.

The BBC statement emphasised the technical aspect of the question (with which Lord Teynham had appeared, when challenged by Lord Shackleton, to be notably unfamiliar): 'These frequencies . . . are at present used in this country by other services [*e.g.*, ambulance and fire services, civil defence, taxis] and their release for broadcasting is problematical. Until this question is resolved, it is not possible to proceed with detailed plans'. Acute as this difficulty is (as Lord Chesham also showed), the astute business-men and Tory MPs now interesting themselves in commercial radio would hardly be doing so unless they were satisfied that it could be overcome. The main problem is, thus, political (in the widest sense).

Because the two campaigns may be similar in character, it is natural, at first sight, to assume an analogy between commercial radio and commercial television; and to assume, further, that since a Conservative government conceded commercial television to a back-bench pressure-group (of such intensity and fierceness that Lord Waverley said that he had never known anything like it in the whole of his public life), a Conservative government must also concede commercial radio. These assumptions may not be well-founded.

In the Lords debate Lord Aberdare and Lord Strang exposed effectively the fallaciousness of the main analogy. When the Television Act was passed, only one TV channel was in use; there was no choice of programmes. On sound radio there are three national BBC programmes, with some regional and area variations, providing the listener with genuine alternatives. Lord Strang also argued that in television, 'a new and expanding medium', there was room for both BBC and ITV: sound radio is not an expanding medium; it had 'probably reached its peak by the time television was introduced'; and the BBC, in 36 years, had built up a comprehensive service, appealing to minorities as well as majorities and still heard by some 19¼ million people a day. 'It is on that audience,' Lord Strang observed, 'that private interests are now casting covetous eyes.'

It is indeed this situation that Mr Collins and his friends find so intolerable: 'ether-hogging' is what Mr Collins accuses the BBC of – and he says that because Network Three often attracts so small an audience (*e.g.*, 50,000) there is a danger that foreigners will demand a re-allocation of the overcrowded frequencies. ('The Russians have got their eyes on some wavelengths.')

However good his intentions, if Mr Collins had his way, the BBC would be more or less dismantled. But, as an old BBC man himself, he does not propose to destroy the Corporation altogether. 'I would allow it at least one national service,' he says – presumably something corresponding to the present Home Service, since 'there is nothing on the Light that independent radio couldn't do as well or better'. As for the Third, Mr Collins would like to have lowbrow programmes on commercial radio all day until about 6 p.m., when people start watching TV, and would then, for the smaller radio audience, broadcast 'highbrow but intelligible' programmes.

It is, however, local broadcasting that Mr Collins cares for most. He has travelled a lot in Canada and Australia, and finds it 'exciting' when 'a group of young chaps' start a local broadcasting station, 'written into the life of the community'. He thinks there would be room for about

50 of these in Britain: it would cost only some £50,000 to start one, and it could be supported by any place with a population of 20,000 or more. If one were to start in the Isle of Man even now, it might be difficult legally to stop it.

No government, of course, would dare to jam Radio Luxembourg, which now has nearly half as many listeners a day as the Light Programme's 9 million – a matter of some concern to the BBC. Lord Teynham seemed to think that the popularity of Radio Luxembourg was a good argument for his general proposition that 'we should all study the wishes of the people and give them what they want'. He asked: 'What about Radio Luxembourg? Has anyone been upset by any broadcast from that station?' To which my answer is twofold: (1) Broadcasts, like works of art generally, are probably worthless unless they do upset somebody sometimes; (2) In Lord Teynham's sense, I for one have often been 'upset' by things heard on Radio Luxembourg – not so much by the purgatorial continuum of 'pop', since pop songs, while not usually 'folk', are part of the cultural deposit of their age and are occasionally good of their kind (*e.g.*, currently, *Travellin' Light*, the Darin and also the derivative but satisfactorily pointed Wilde *Mack the Knife*, and the Preston *Mr Blue*), as by the programmes in which American Lutherans preach, raspingly yet unctuously, of Gahd and the Bible, or by fatuous commercial dialogues.

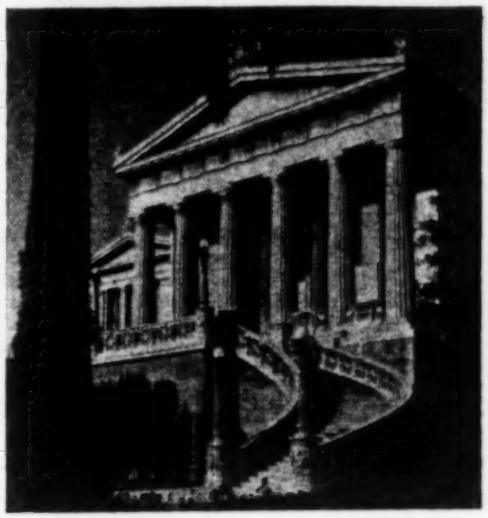
Several speakers in the Lords debate made light of the advertising element in commercial radio. It is arguable, however, that, subliminally, heard or half-heard persuasion is more potent than what is seen: a huckster's jingle or slogan, when seen as well as heard, is often ridiculed and rejected; the same words, when they are not consciously listened to, may pass into the subconscious mind. One may expect, therefore, that the existing ITV companies will treat this new development with reserve, as a possible threat to their own revenue, rather as a tiger descending to a water-hole at dusk will not wish to be incommoded by a pack of jackals: this may be so – although ABC and Mr Collins (personally) have already registered companies and Mr Roy Thomson is understood to be interested.

A Conservative government may or may not take the view that radio should be commercialised, and that the ITV companies should be allowed to extend their lucrative empires in this direction. If commercial radio does come in, in two or three years' time, and the old BBC is broken up, the 'ugly' and 'vulgar' society which Mr Bevan condemned at Blackpool will become just that much uglier and more vulgar; and this, no doubt, will be to the taste of those electors who returned a Conservative government at the 'damn-you-Jack' election of 1959.

TOM DRIBERG

Off-Stage and On

THE good film is the film that has most impressed the eye: this truism, with the distraction of filmplays and wide-screen novels, is one sometimes forgotten. And the better the film, the more precise the memories. Applying this standard, I find that, of the films I have seen since I last sat down to write, the least comes uppermost. This is *That Kind of Woman* (Metropole, Victoria); and its memorability lies scarcely at all in title and story – which asks roughly: Can the expensively kept woman turn to poor love? – but in the picture it gives of New York, in war-time. The director, Sidney Lumet (of *Twelve Angry Men* and *Stagestruck*), has embellished these with



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true feeling; once in the train or street, the scene and the action come to life. He catches very well the period of soldiers' leaves, chance meetings, and the romantic advantage of those who may have to die; and then there are the oases of park and restaurant; and, of course, goodbye. The expensive tart kicks off her shoes in Central Park; her bum lover sits waiting on the steps of the leafy house; on the deck of a New York harbour boat the war-time lovers dance or lean on a rail. I still see them, and the train carrying off the hero on an embankment while the heroine in a car races in the street below to catch him at the first stop: absurd dramatically, like too much of the film, but shot from above and lingering. Sophia Loren plays appealingly, in the void, her mercenary part that will see the light. The whole story is unrealised and plastered with fiction; yet it charms and stays, and for all its shortcomings one could bear to see it again.

If this is a good-bad film, I suppose *Expresso Bongo* (Carlton) is a bad-good one: at least it gave the impression of sharp original that, under better direction, might have turned the scales for English musicals. As it is, this guying of show business puts itself over with a good deal of what it smacks at, so that in the end satire and appeal are mixed in almost equal quantities. But let me add that this is easily, so far, our best musical: Laurence Harvey gives a taking impersonation of a lone agent, Sylvia Syms has a startled charm, and, as the opera-loving purveyor of song hits, Meier Tzelniker repeats his admirable stage performance. Bongo, seeming artlessly himself, is Cliff Richards. The songs have an edge, the Soho stage business amuses. Altogether I enjoyed it, while hoping that next time Mankowitz will employ success to sharpen and not to blunt his wit.

With the ban lifted after five years, *Vicious Circle* reaches us at the Cameo-Poly. Jacqueline Audry's version does not quite capture the theatrical effectiveness of the original: hardly surprising, since that was so exclusively of the theatre. The close circle has been opened up to admit a more general influx into the hotel lobby of hell; there's a descent in a lift; and then in the doomed Louis-Philippe room a window is added so that people's thoughts may be shown on a sky-screen. Some attempt has been made to plump out these flashbacks, to give more substance to the pacifist-coward's story, but it can't be said that these rouse much enthusiasm. Otherwise, the screen interpolates a few tricks, a gold coin that spouts fire, mirrors that don't reflect people. Arletty with a mannish cut takes the part of the Lesbian, and her harsh accents dominate the scene. It's still a play, with the calculations thrown out and the chill taken off.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Nothing is for Nothing

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The real issue at present is not bribery (which we used to call plug-money before the journalists thought up payola) and even less the universal *schmier*, or sweetening of useful contacts, which the Alley succeeds in regarding as morally less suspect. It is the discovery that the key-men are beyond bribery because they do *themselves* the big favours. Suppose, for instance, that A. and R. men or producers (disc-jockeys are not so important) go into management and publishing, thus recording and giving publicity to their own artists, publications and, as like or not, 'compositions'. There is nothing illegal in this, if the men's contract with their employers permits it. Unlike agents, who are forbidden by the LCC to double as managers, they need not be licensed. Legality may be more doubtful if a key man makes his help conditional on, say, the use of his publishing firm, or a percentage of an artist, or a share of royalties as 'part-composer'; but with careful management even these practices can be disguised. Moreover, they are hardly necessary. Plenty of people will offer pieces of this and that spontaneously. And this is what has been happening, though talk about a small ring monopolising the business is merely wild. The Alley is no more readily trustified than any other fashion-trade.

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unmanageable quite recently. (The last crisis was settled in 1948 by a 'plugging-agreement' between the BBC and the music publishers.) The reason lies in the revolutions which the pop industry has undergone in the 1950s.

There is first, the teenage ('rock 'n' roll') market, which totally disorganised the old Alley, because it dispensed with both artists and music. This is why the business talks about 'rock' with genuine bitterness even when forced to sell it: the bitterness of the tapdancer displaced by the stripper. New men could and did by-pass accepted agents and publishers: only one old publisher has much share in the new thing. Mr Larry Parnes, having built up a stable of young rock singers, has just founded his own publishing house (co-director Marty Wilde) for their 'compositions'. In the second place, the rise of TV and the disc-jockey disorganised a plugging-code based essentially on sound radio and the bandleader (who is less important these days). In the third place, the growing tendency for big firms to distribute packages ready-made by outsiders – a tendency which parallels what happened earlier in Hollywood – has let in a new group of entrepreneurs. Lastly, the end of the sensational record boom has led to increasingly desperate competition for a stagnant market, *i.e.*, more plugging than ever, and sharper yells of pain from the Jacks that are not all right. Already the ranks of the publishers are split.

Such is the state of the waters whose mud has now been stirred by news of the American disc-jockey scandal; for if the Alley's hits come ready-made from the US, so do its crises. No doubt the present row will be settled. Certainly a new code will be worked out which reflects 1959 rather than 1948. Possibly the big firms will control the side-activities of their executives a little more. But if anyone believes that Tin Pan Alley will thereby be transformed from a jungle into a park, he had better not try to do business there. Especially not if commercial radio arrives in Britain, to multiply the occasions for corruption.

FRANCIS NEWTON

'Kookaburra', at the Princes Theatre

The Australians may have overhauled the United States in tennis and swimming but, to judge from *Kookaburra*, they are still a long way behind in musical comedies. This poor man's *Oklahoma*, out of *Kangaroo*, is about the trials and triumphs of a nice young bride from Wilts who finds herself in a run-down shack in the bush, with a kerosene stove in the kitchen, a separator on the front porch and some extraordinarily inefficient hidden microphones *passim*. Everyone 'bloodies' away cheerfully on the theme that 'It's a tough life for the wife of a farmer who's rough and ready for love'. But she gets used to it, and in the process Julia Shelley, the wife, and Maggie Fitzgibbon, the neighbour, sing rather well. We should be grateful for one thing: *Kookaburra* is the first show for years to make English musicals look good.

A. A.

'Carmen', at Covent Garden

This year the Royal Opera House offers a most satisfying all-round production, thoroughly rehearsed by Andrew Anderson, without a weak spot anywhere. It's good to have for once entirely convincing portrayals of Micaela and Escamillo – by Joan Carlyle and Ronald Lewis – and a genuinely tragic Don José: Jon Vickers stole the show, in fact, singing magnificently and acting with intense conviction. With a less powerful partner, Gloria Lane's well-conceived impression of the title role might perhaps have seemed more compelling: she looked the part to the life, and sang and acted well, but lacked that last bit of vocal and dramatic fire which makes an outstanding Carmen.

D. C.

Correspondence

CULTURAL EXCHANGE

SIR,—Critic expresses his surprise that I should have written to *The Times* suggesting that writers should 'protest against their books being exhibited (at the Lenin Library in Moscow) where those of other writers are banned'. May I explain that I wrote this letter after reading the remarks of a 'British spokesman' reported in the Sunday newspapers (of 22 November) as saying that 'efforts had already been made' (presumably by the British Council) 'to screen the list of books exhibited'.

I had not at the time seen the list of books exhibited (and not allowed by the Russian Ministry of Culture to be distributed) contained in the catalogue issued by the British Council. I agree with Critic that this certainly is a most remarkable achievement and greatly to be welcomed. I would like to repeat what I wrote in my *Times* letter that I am much in favour of cultural exchange. And – in view of the greatness of this British Council display – I would like to qualify my opinion, there stated, that it would be better not to exchange books if we can only do so at the price of giving a censored variation of our literature, thus falsifying our view of literature (which is, surely, that it should be free).

All the same, I do think that a problem of censorship arises, and that it cannot be dismissed so easily as Critic would like when he explains the matter away by saying that 'some anxious underling thought that, since some books were rejected from the American and French exhibitions, a similar chancy censorship should be applied to the British one'. I wonder whether Critic has read Mr Zukhov's article 'Two approaches to the development of Cultural Relations' in *Mezhdunarodnaya Zhizn* of November 1959, in which Mr Zukhov attacks those who attempt 'to substitute for the question of cultural ties the question of the so-called "free dissemination of ideas".'

It is apparent from this article that Mr Zukhov believes that anything like a debate between those who believe in Communist ideology and those who believe in free discussion is not part of cultural exchange. Since, presumably, we do believe that such debate is cultural activity, we shall not, it is to be hoped, withdraw books from any Soviet Exhibition held in this country. But 'Exchange' is a bit of a misnomer for a meeting between A and B, in which A permits all the ideas of B to be discussed, whereas B considers it an insult that he should even be told about the ideas of A.

I am in favour of exchange – even on these terms – but I do not think that the terms which make the exchange one-sided should be slurred over.

Moreover, a protest may be a small and scrupulous objection made within a wider context of acceptance of a policy. Supposing there were an exhibition of British books in Madrid, and it came to my attention that the British Council had decided not to display Kingsley Martin's memoir of Harold Laski on the grounds that it might offend Franco, and supposing that I protested against this anticipation of Francoist sensibilities, would Critic be dumbfounded at my excess of scrupulosity?

The very fact that the display of British books in Moscow is so vast, should remind us that we are moving rapidly into an era of international literature – what Goethe called World Literature. This is a vast context of activity which should be welcomed, but it also has dangers which should be watched for with vigilance. It is likely to be organised through the official channels of official organisations: and how likely it is that these will encourage a world literature which does not offend national or ideological sensibilities. I think that one should always make one's little squeak of protest when one sees literature being used as a vehicle for some great cause (however good the cause may be) to the detriment of what is the ultimate value of literature – the individual and perhaps offending voice.

STEPHEN SPENDER

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AFTER BLACKPOOL

SIR,—Hugh Gaitskell and Barbara Castle have both told us that Socialism does *not* mean the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange; but they have not told us what they think the word does mean.

Mr Gaitskell defined the principles of Socialism in terms which would be acceptable to any Liberal. The implication is that he would be prepared for a large part of industry to continue indefinitely under capitalist ownership. Mr Jay may argue that public investment in capitalist companies is a way of extending social ownership; but Mr Gaitskell has said it is an 'adjunct' rather than an alternative to nationalisation. Mrs Castle and the left wing have been just as vague about what they mean by Socialism. They sometimes talk about democracy in industry; but do they think it can be introduced on a basis of capitalist ownership? Do they think that the only alternative is to nationalise the whole of manufacturing industry? Or, perhaps, all firms with more than 50 workers? Many voters have believed the Tory story that Socialism means the nationalisation of everything because the Labour left has ignored other forms of social ownership and has been too lazy to produce a clear picture of what it means by Socialism.

The Labour Party would surely be wise to recall the co-operative ideas of Robert Owen and the Christian Socialists, and to lay more emphasis on the co-operative side of Socialism. But this should mean more than encouraging co-operative housing or that co-operatives should pay profits tax at three per cent. instead of ten per cent. Ten years ago Labour proposed to mutualise a dozen insurance companies, that is reorganise them on a mutual, co-operative or non-profit-making basis. Why should not other companies be mutualised too? In 1951 Labour proposed to limit dividends as a measure against inflation; and *Plan for Progress* argued that such legislation might still be needed in order to control inflation in an expansionist full-employment economy. Why should not Labour link its ideas about extending social ownership with its ideas about controlling inflation? *Industry and Society* argued that there was no good reason why industrial development should mean continually increasing dividends; and mutualisation could make partnership in industry more than an empty promise and replace production for the profit of private shareholders by production for use over a large part of industry.

PAUL DERRICK

Oakhill, Park Rd
Kenley, Surrey

SIR,—One of the major problems amongst Labour's present difficulties can be traced back to a decision which was made by the Labour government to double Britain's expenditure on armaments. The welfare state was a victim and Labour's plans became conditioned by the Cold War.

With the honourable exception of Suez in 1956, Labour has failed to give a clear and consistent lead in international affairs. Prior to the 1955 election our leaders backed German rearmament, and more recently British reliance on the H-bomb. On both these major issues the majority of the constituency parties favoured policies distinct from the Tories. The enthusiasm of many of Labour's best workers was killed and many potential members were lost.

The Labour Peace Fellowship believes that the party should now proclaim a bold peace policy that makes sense in the nuclear age. It should (a) Stop compromising on the H-bomb and expose the suicidal Tory policy that has made Britain an expendable Nato base. Let Britain utilise atomic energy solely for peaceful purposes. In fact, many of Britain's major prospects of maintaining its position in world trade depend upon the full development of her atomic energy programme, which is in fact being gravely hampered by the priority allocations of necessary materials to the armaments programme. (b) Realise that Labour cannot carry out plans for more pensions, schools, hospitals, houses, etc., and cut taxation, without slashing the annual arms bill of £1,500 million. (c) Publicise more Labour's plan to spend one per cent. of our national income on help to poorer countries and ensure that this is increased as armament expenditure is reduced. (d) Awaken the country to the need for total disarmament and support for proposals similar to those of Mr Krushchev. Stress that only Socialist planning can cope with the economic problems of disarmanent and take the profit out of war preparations.

C. LESLIE HALE
Chairman
DENIS BRIAN
General Secretary

Labour Peace Fellowship
24a Breakspears Road
SE4

THE REICHSTAG FIRE

SIR,—It is perhaps difficult for your readers to make up their minds about *Der Spiegel's* new account of the Reichstag fire without access to the mass of evidence that has appeared in that journal. Herr Gisevius' book, for instance, besides being a very doubtful historical source, is one of many accounts specifically questioned by *Der Spiegel*. In quoting it, in fact, Mr Hunter begs all the important questions:

(1) Was van der Lubbe assisted by 'a small group of SA incendiarists'? This is the accepted story. The 'SA incendiarists' are supposed to have left the burning Reichstag by an underground passage. This passage certainly existed. But there is no evidence that it was used. Goering himself ordered the police to investigate it on the night of the fire. The police reported that all the doors were locked—a fact that squares neither with Goering's own later assertions nor with those of the Brown Books.

(2) Had the Reichstag fire 'already been planned when Lubbe arrived in Berlin'? All the evidence goes to show that Goering, Goebbels and Hitler were genuinely surprised on the night of the fire. *Der Spiegel* publishes the minutes of a cabinet meeting held on 30 January which makes it quite clear that it was Hitler who was against the suppression of the German CP, and Hugenberg who was for it (not the other way round, as the Brown Books had it).

(3) Mr Hunter quotes Herr Gisevius as saying that 'the investigating police experts were of the opinion that no one man could possibly have done it'. This does not appear to be true. The police experts concerned, Dr Zirpins and Herr Heisig, concluded in their report (reprinted in *Der Spiegel*) that Lubbe had in fact set the Reichstag on fire alone. Though sceptical, they could find no scrap of evidence to the contrary.

Whether historians will accept this new version of the affair, I do not know. *Der Spiegel* has, however, provided a great deal of fresh and circumstantial evidence, and nobody who has read this new evidence will find it easy to accept either Herr Gisevius's book or the Brown Books as reliable historical sources.

JOHN MANDER

6 Duncan Terrace, N1

NEGLECTED FACTS

SIR,—As one who has repeatedly criticised the machine tool industry in the past, may I suggest that your strictures, this time, are wide of the mark. Britain offers for sale more electronic control systems for machine tools than any other country outside the US. While these were, of course, developed by the electronics industry, the machine-tool makers have collaborated in this work. But the fact is that hardly any of these devices have been sold outside a narrow field of government-supported aircraft applications. This can hardly encourage the industry to move into this field of advanced control systems.

Where the machine-tool makers *have* failed, in comparison with their oversea competitors, is in leaving a wide gap between these advanced, fully automatic machines and the conventional machine tool which provides their bread and butter. Customers, while unwilling or unable to pay for complete automation, demand more and more automatic aids such as copying attachments, push-button programme control, tape playback devices, etc. The recent European machine tool exhibition in Paris showed that Britain leads in electronically controlled machines but other countries provide near-automation at smaller cost and with greater flexibility.

Ultimately, complete automation will indeed prevail, and the country which first provides the right machines at the right price—and uses them—will reap great rewards. But who is to be the guinea pig for trying out radically new types of machines? The manufacturers need customers to pay for the development and provide working experience. The customers, on the other hand, have a natural objection to becoming experimental animals.

If development is to proceed faster than at the present careful commercial rate, no one but the government can, in fairness, be asked to foot the bill. The national interest demands that the work should be done quickly but instead of featherbedding individual firms by handing out development contracts, the government ought to tackle the job through research organisations and make the resulting knowledge available to all industry; to the user, no less than the manufacturer, of advanced equipment.

E. G. SEMLER
Editor

Automation Progress
9 Eden Street
London, NW1

TEENAGERS

SIR,—A passage in Roy Kerridge's interesting and informative article on teenagers in Brighton should be brought to Mr Gaitskell's attention. Mr Kerridge wrote: 'Most of them lead appallingly dull lives all day long in schools, offices, and factories, so isn't it natural they should want to go out and enjoy themselves at night?'

Mr Gaitskell might care to speculate on the reasons why, in this never-had-it-so-good society, young people should be indulging in a pathetic

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EDWARD HULTON

scramble to get away from it all. Why is life in school, factory and office one big yawn? What can we do to make it more exciting, to inspire youth with a feeling of belonging, a sense of purpose? I would address such questions to Mr Gaitskell because, after stressing the need, at the Labour Party conference, to capture the idealism of youth, he suggested removing from the party's constitution the one clause which could really give them something to work and hope for. The vision of common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange may have been reduced to a pale glimmer by the Labour leadership, but it has inspired the selfless endeavour of generations of Socialists as no other vision can.

The youth are contracting out because the vision has been allowed to fade. There is no appeal in watered-down policies. By returning to basic principles and explaining them in the simplest and most effective way, the Labour Party can bring new excitement and meaning to a life that is sadly lacking in both.

R FRANKLIN

32 Thames Village
Hartington Road W4

TRADE UNION MPs

SIR,—I was very interested in the reference by Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu in his article 'The Trade Union MP' to the complaint by two MPs that 'trade union MPs are being by-passed and gagged' and that 'trade union leaders nowadays prefer to take up trade union matters direct with the Minister concerned' instead of encouraging trade-union sponsored MPs to ventilate such things on the floor of the House.

From time to time our Federation, acting on behalf of its 15 affiliated unions, wishes to take up important matters with government departments, and—by direct approach to the ministries concerned—never has any difficulty in arranging for a delegation to be received. It may be to the War Office and Admiralty (perhaps in connection with printing in the services); to the Ministry of Labour (maybe regarding foreign workers); or to the Ministry of Education (regarding, say, technical education). Our delegation is drawn from the unions concerned and the ministerial representatives invariably include experts on the particular problem. Our experience is that this is the quickest and most effective line of action.

It is not a case of by-passing anyone but I cannot see the point of taking up MPs' time by ventilating a matter on the floor of the House that can be effectively dealt with direct with a ministry.

Of course, there are times when our Federation feels it is desirable to seek the advice and assistance of trade-union sponsored MPs (as during the recent printing dispute) and we have always found them most helpful. We have never had the slightest indication that they felt they were being by-passed because of our more usual practice of going direct to a ministry. The publicity and action that comes from raising a problem in parliament can be invaluable but, in my opinion, it is a procedure that should only be used sparingly.

G. G. EASTWOOD,
General Secretary,
Printing and Kindred Trades Federation
60 Doughty Street, WC1

THE BIRCH

SIR,—The reason why people like Sir Thomas Moore can go on believing in the effectiveness of the birch, despite the unchallenged statistical evidence of its failure, is simple. They take their examples from normal people, whether schoolboys, soldiers or African servants. With them, corporal punishment usually does work. But violent crimes are seldom committed by normal people—in fact, it is doubtful if a violent crime is ever committed by a normal person in a normal state.

I wonder if Lionel Hale, mentioned in your Diary, would agree?

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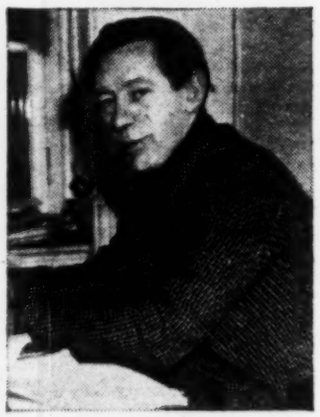

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS–II

Our Master of Short Stories

After Dickens, Kipling is the only very considerable English writer of fiction to have been popular in the most popular sense and to excite the claim to genius. He might dabble in popular myth-making and put on the swank that goes with journalistic writing, but impurity had to be reckoned as in the nature of his bristling and generous gift. By 1910, the critical esteem had begun to go; for anyone who grew up in the Twenties it had gone; when one looked at a page or two of Kipling in the Thirties, he looked like a progenitor of The Thing we all hated. It was easy to tie his politics round his neck and sink him. Long after that, it was a shock (when we opened one of his books) to discover that his politics might not have been as important as we had made out; that his real themes were anterior and that he had an independent gaiety and authority in his sentences suggesting a much darker experience than the political. One was faced by a variable but continuous exhibition of musketry over an enormous terrain, which alerted the mind so long as he never allowed his own feelings or those of his characters to come out into the open, but left them to be guessed. He was, in any case, better at what was choked and strangled and, puritanically, admired pain. But, of course, he did not always leave us guessing; blatancy, emphasis, the breezy sentences beginning with a relative came back and, being sensitive, we put the book down and resumed our ignorance, preferring those writers who had grown up and who were not ashamed of the heart.

It is in this mixed state of prejudice, ignorance and unwillingness to go back to old topicality that I approach a subtle and partial critical study of Kipling by Miss J. M. S. Tompkins*. She invites one to enter a labyrinth and to trace the course of a genius she believes to be undeniable and which went on painfully growing until, in his later, complex and allusive work, it was purified and at its fullest. It is a little embarrassing, when one looks from her book into Kipling's tales, to find she is more sensitive than her subject was. The study does not claim to be comprehensive; startlingly but firmly, she leaves his politics out altogether. ('I was a child of the British Empire, as I am a subject of the British Commonwealth, and I have never found either position embarrassing. I regret that I shall not live long enough to see our humanly imperfect but undeniably great achievement of Empire fairly assessed in the long view of history.') This decision is not as damaging as it might sound, for she is not a biographer, nor a critic who runs the writer and the man together at every point. She is concerned only with the writer and, even there, most of all with the short stories. It is by these, she conveys, that what he did must be judged. To say that Kipling is the greatest English writer of short stories is to astonish oneself. He is – because no others before him made it expressly their metier.

Kipling's choice and aptitude are un-English; they are a little French; they are very American. If one were to raise political questions, one would say that Englishness was thrashed into him, that it was imposed. He invented myths for the sahibs, full of moral words, tribal signs and masonic grips, but the matter of his stories has often more in common with that of American predecessors like Twain, and successors like Hemingway and Faulkner, than it has with anything English writers have done. *Mary Postgate* is a foreigner's searching portrait of an English spinster. We cover that sort of thing up. The fantasy of *The Man who would be King* is a frontier story, a natural for Mark Twain – see the King and Duke episode in *Huckleberry Finn* – and the preoccupation with toughness, cunning and shrewdness, and above all with the testing of personality, is not restrained by our sociability, dignified by our severity of satire or confined to studies of character seen in its security. In fact, the common opinion is that Kipling failed precisely in character-drawing where traditional English novelists have succeeded. I do not think he felt much need to draw character; from his Anglo-Indian point of view he thought the islanders too set, smug and narrow. This would have to be the starting point of any discussion of his politics; he became an English patriot in a most un-English way – except for the sentimentality – not by rebellion from within but from a sense of grandeur from without, and from that sense of colonial superiority which always made Anglo-Indians an annoyance and a joke. But the theory of a crypto-American Kipling is mine; it is not Miss Tompkins's. Indeed, far from it. For her he is an Elizabethan:

> . . . a traditional writer with a traditional and recurrent cast of English temperament . . . he delighted in the Elizabethan dramatists. Man in a state of strong excitement stretched beyond his normal stature on the rack of anguish, passion, or his own will, was as much his theme as theirs though in him the will is stretched to service rather than to self-assertion. In Kipling, as in his elder brothers, the moral and sensational go hand in hand. Strain, the oppression and horror of melancholy throw up for him, as for them, eccentricities of behaviour which he observes with curiosity, and open up tracks of mental experience, of which he seeks to convey the strangeness. . . . Like the Elizabethans he had an original and unembarrassed love of eloquence . . . his danger, like theirs, was excess, the premature outbreak of the imagination into extravagant emphasis and unsupported hyperbole.

Kipling loved pattern, craftsmanship and the science of all trades. Yet the novel he could not master. Perhaps he had learned brevity too young; perhaps it was due to his facility as a poet; perhaps he burned up himself and his material too quickly or – as Mr Edmund Wilson suggested in *The Wound and the Bow* – he failed to confront himself. Miss Tompkins thinks Kipling mastered the novel by relinquishing its form and became our unique short-story writer, and one of the greatest in all literatures, by straining into the short form the intense, highly charged essences of the longer one. He sought complexity as he sought discipline. The greater the material – *Mrs Bathurst*, for example, which covers the affections of a lifetime, trails across a continent and ends in passion and horror – the more the essentials are reduced to a line or two, the quicker and more cunning the dodging among events and time. He proceeds, as a novelist does, less by narrative than by changing structure. We have seen Hardy reduce a novel to a dozen lines of verse. Kipling's dramatic cutting is more like Browning's, and the art of both writers lies in making us supply the missing scenes and often the most important one. Time is no difficulty for him. The setting he always gives us vehemently – after that, it is all fencing as if he were outmatching us, driving us into a corner, until we give in, and it is we who tell him, not he who tells us, what happened.

Kipling is not one of those short-story writers who settle on a mere aspect of a subject, a mood, an emotion or a life. He takes the whole subject and reduces it, in form, to the dramatic skeleton. Important issues are left obscure as if the author himself did not know what had happened or was trying to trade on mystery, and we often have to read back to see where we went wrong; yet the effect is of extent, panorama and crowded life. One explanation lies in Kipling's genius for conveying place and physical presence; the more important one is his triumph over what, as a novelist, would have been his failing: his incapacity to write of character in detail. What he tells us about people, what by a paradox makes them vivid, is that they belong to the common run; they are ordinary engineers, seamen, soldiers, housemaids, reliable villagers, conventional youths, Indians anonymous within their sects, occupations or races. They have no character; they have, simply, a fate; and it is this that evokes the presence of hundreds like them. Kipling is able to suggest that he has no life of his own but has lived by knowing all about such lives. He may be – he often is – too much of a know-all, swaggering shrewdly in and out with the low, the mean or the extravagant view, but this basic losing of himself and knowing is a powerful gift.

Miss Tompkins is aware that Kipling presents difficult problems of taste. The exaggeration, the sentimentality, the horseplay, are dealt with as best she can. I doubt whether his sentimentality can be discussed as a question of fashion: sentimentality – as distinct from sentiment – arises when we impose an idea upon a feeling in order to obscure it. Kipling is sentimental about duty,

* *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*. By J. M. S. Tompkins. *Methuen*. 25s.

when he wishes to conceal his ambiguous feelings about suffering and cruelty. *Mary Postgate* is an unsentimental story because it does not evade the terrible fact that old Miss Postgate looked beautiful, attractive and satisfied when she had experienced a sadistic revenge. The most displeasing sentimentalities in Kipling relate to his guesswork magic and mysticism and they lead to mistakes in craftsmanship – the letter-box which sticks out like a gadget in the superb story of *The Wish House*. But in sketching out the map of Kipling's pilgrim's progress, from the period of brashness and hurt into the arenas of revenge, anger, healing, pity and the terror of illness, breakdown and the abyss, she shows us a Kipling who is far less a trickster and far more a man deeply caught by injury, pain, hatred and the craving for purgation, and who uses every ounce of his experience. He had been born in the Methodist tradition and knew the burden is on the individual soul. It is also one of the splendid characteristics of Kipling as an artist that he can consider this burden disrespectfully, in jeering and fantastic terms, as well as in terms of mercy, pity, horror and resignation.

To make her point about the density of Kipling's art, Miss Tompkins makes a long and ingenious analysis of the baffling *Dayspring Mishandled*. Like many of the late stories it requires minute attention from the reader, but although it has all the marks of a master of building and technique, and although the theme of the emptiness and irrelevance that waits on a life-long scheme of revenge is a good one, the story seems to me an example of Kipling's vice of attitudinising in order to avoid the explicit. Miss Tompkins suggests it may be a story about the dangers of his own imaginative obsession with revenge and, in this sense, the tale has the interest of a piece of ingenious self-criticism. As a tale it is dim and esoteric; who and what poisoned whom with what? we ask. The late Kipling was a conjuror, not a mystifier like the later Henry James.

Mr Edmund Wilson has said that Kipling lacked faith in the artist's vocation and put the doers, makers and rulers of the day before the artist in esteem. This is true when we consider Kipling as a propagandist, and Miss Tompkins has purposely avoided that aspect of his work. At his best – *On Greenhow Hill, The Wish House, Love-o'-Women, The Gardener, The Man who would be King* or *The Bull that Thought* – the criticism misses. In this last tale, indeed, the artist is the explicit conqueror, and *The Man who would be King* can be read as farcical and deadly satire on the British in India. Kipling had the gaiety of the word in his veins and he saw himself as an artist through and through. What Mr Wilson may be getting at is Kipling's often showy and evasive pose of common sense, in which the average comes out on top; or that hard, no-nonsense grin on his face which flatters average human insensibility by calling it experience. Pain is over and over again his subject; so much so that he cannot evoke simple feeling without encasing it in bandages or see the fullness of love except in the perspective of its dire consequences.

He is indeed afraid of deep feeling in the foreground and the fear – perhaps because of his enormous gifts – leads him into stretches of middling vulgarity. But, in fact, Kipling grew out of clever journalism to have the strongest feeling for the means of art and all the artist's deference to difficulty. He can even be said to have had this feeling exorbitantly; but, given the man he was and his populous mind, it is what made him our most prolific and unique writer of short stories. The art thrives on personal limitations.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Reflections on a Book of Reproductions

Hours are a small thing, the interior
(Woman at tub, lamps, Vermeer's whore,
Onions or spinets) insignificant
At the time, in Time. But magnificent
The art's consideration of the body,
Nymph bathing; model, now long decayed,
Become Christ off the Cross; the maid
Spurning the lover's flowers; old man
Blowing his smoke rings. And if I can
I would lay out the patterns of mine
Into something more than these nine
Hours since I woke this morning, one
For lifting a tree-stump, one to run
A Ford van round the shops for meat,
For onions, for fruit, and the rest we eat;
Another for a child's rest; another
For the two little girls to go to shop with their mother:
Then we all gather round for the tea,
All laying claims to her, or informing me,
Under the candles, about how they bought
A pair of shoes, and how the bus they caught
Struck the branches of trees, and what
The old man in the seat behind
Said to his wife, while they sneezed and grinned.
Yet this is the family food of the aspiration
To celebrate order: Bach's elation
Was nourished on soup and hearth,
And worked among insolent men; the bath
That bathed the *Badender Nymphe* was crock;
Snyders' lobsters were stolen by cats; the clock
Muttered rustily in their rooms; their studio fires
Went out; cursed their wives, imperfectly fed their desires;
And the artist would swear at his daughters who sit so prim
In the Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum, for ever looking at him
With tender and timorous eyes beneath simple crowns of flowers:
A Dutch interior is but as clean and simple as ours.
So we are not demeaned by simplicity, nor banality,
By our cars, electric kettles, or lamps; the finality
Of our death, even; in the mass-produced chest
Burial may ennoble us, that we watch our best
From time to time put in the ground: from such roots
We may draw with the soaring elms, the yellow
Pillars of poplar, as each great red ball sinks below
Our pathetic horizon, some share of the significance
The great painters saw, between the small hours and the natural world's magnificence.

DAVID HOLBROOK

No Dilemma for the Archbishop

Cyril Forster Garbett. By CHARLES SMYTH *Hodder & Stoughton. 35s.*

Canon Charles Smyth has succeeded in writing far more than an individual biography. He has revealed the characteristic features of a particular social class as they were embodied in one life. I am not sure that this revelation is an intentional one, but it is certainly striking. Archbishop Garbett was a descendant of the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne and as such was entitled to a closed scholarship at Keble. It was only, however, at the third attempt that he met the extremely low intellectual demands of the entrance examination. The Presidency of the Oxford Union, a 'respectable second' in history and theological training preceded terms as, first curate, and then vicar, at Portsea. At the age of forty-four he became Bishop of Southwark and for the rest of his eighty years he lived in that closed world of visitations and administration, of public school headmasters and first-class train travel, of private prayer and public pronouncements, which is the peculiar straitjacket of the Anglican bishop.

Not that he saw it as a straitjacket. No one who did could become an archbishop. He was a tireless and careful administrator, with a high sense of self-discipline and duty, and a naturally irritable and lonely disposition which he taught himself to overcome. What is astounding about his life is its outwardness. I do not doubt that what Canon Smyth says about the high importance to him of his inner spiritual life is true. But it does not seem to affect the quality of his worldly transactions. This may be the story of a vocation in the religious sense; it is certainly the story of a career in the bourgeois sense. No veiling of the choices involved in religious language can conceal their fundamental shape. And although Archbishop Garbett often agonised before and after his decisions, the agonising all took place within the context of a fundamental unquestioning certainty. It was not just a certainty about Christianity and about the Church of England; it was a certainty about England and the English social system. It is no accident that Lord Goddard thought him 'the only man on the Episcopal Bench who talks sense'!

He played all the parts of a responsible member of the ruling class. He prayed for an allied victory in both world wars. He paid visits to Russia during the war-time flirtation with Stalin. His opinions were candidly imperialist. On listening to the BBC announcement of Indian independence he said to his chaplain: 'This is the beginning of the break-up of what we have called our empire, and I am not happy about it'. In Ireland he could speak of 'the so-called President of the so-called Republic'. In Palestine he was a crude and credulous anti-Zionist.

After all this some readers may be surprised to read of his sympathies for the Labour Party. But there is no inconsistency here. They testify not to any breach in the Archbishop's conservatism, but to how far the Labour Party has gone in making itself acceptable to the conservative mind. So it is also with his campaigning against slum housing, altogether admirable as this was. The complete lack of questioning of the social system is quite compatible with a zeal for limited reform. But even such limited reform was not for Garbett the central concern that it was for William Temple.

It is therefore a fitting climax to Canon Smyth's

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narrative that when he considers 'the three departments of public life in which Archbishop Garbett stood out head and shoulders above the other bishops of his day' he finds them to be his gift for public relations, especially with the press, his ability in cultivating northern business-men, and his speeches in the House of Lords. And of these last it is memorable that his outstanding speech was perhaps that made in defence of the possession by Britain of the hydrogen bomb.

Canon Smyth's method of approach to his subject underlines the fundamentally shocking nature of the portrait which he draws. He defends Garbett against various charges of private faults; he apparently endorses Garbett's defence of the public values of the age, and even apologises for Garbett's protest at the bombing of Guernica. In so doing he shows all the more the social dilemma of the Christian religion. We live in a society and under a ruling class whose values are simply incompatible with Christianity. No dialectic can match up the Cross and the massive deterrent. But the Christian Church has tied itself inextricably to the present form of society and to its ruling values. So that we have a Church with a vocabulary which has lost its Christian substance and is used instead to clothe the *status quo*. The substance has gone elsewhere. And with its departure Christianity in the traditional sense no longer exists. Canon Smyth's life of Archbishop Garbett is a monumental reminder of that non-existence.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

The Origins of National Communism

A History of Soviet Russia. Socialism in One Country 1924-1926 (Part Two). By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 45*s.*

The most impressive thing in this book is the list of the series opposite the title-page. Mr Carr has produced six volumes within ten years, each one a massive and original contribution to knowledge. A further volume, on international relations between 1924 and 1926, is promised for next year; and three more, carrying the story to 1929, are to be added at a later date. This is an achievement without rival in our age; and it challenges comparison with the greatest works of the classical historians. No ordinary terms of praise do justice to Mr Carr's work. If laurel wreaths were still in fashion, he should never be allowed to walk unadorned. As it is, we can only record the grudging and belated recognition which Mr Carr has received from the academic world.

Other writers have told the story of the Bolshevik revolution, though Mr Carr has eclipsed them. None has written adequately of the sequel, when the international revolution had failed and the Bolsheviks found themselves alone in a hostile world. This is the theme of the present volume and of its predecessor. The two must be read together if the sense of events is to be grasped. The volume which came out last year discussed the economic problems facing the Bolsheviks in 1924. It showed their terrible and inescapable dilemma. If they did nothing, Russia would slip back into capitalism. Being sincere Socialists, they rejected this course. But what were they to do instead? This was the question confusedly debated in both economic and political terms between 1924 and 1926. The present volume describes the debate on the political side. Trotsky had already been defeated, though he still contributed disturbing ideas on the margin. The struggle here was between the 'triumvirs'—Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev. Superficially, it appeared as a personal struggle against Stalin's bureaucratic dominance. More deeply, it was a revolt by Leningrad—the city of heavy industry and revolutionary tradition—against central control. Its real meaning was deeper still. It was a battle between romantics and realists. On the one side, the old-style revolutionaries, incompetent in administration, who lived on phrases; against them, the men who were conducting the day-to-day affairs of state. The effect was startlingly paradoxical, when translated into practical terms. For the revolutionaries, though extreme in talk, had no constructive plans. The realists, much to their surprise, were driven into projecting a new revolution from above. This paradox explains Trotsky's aloofness from the controversy. He sat silent throughout the decisive fourteenth congress of the party except for one contemptuous interjection. Trotsky was both the greatest of revolutionary romantics, and a great administrator. His heart was with Zinoviev and the men of Leningrad; his head was with Stalin and the administrators. He sustained this contradiction to the end. Trotsky supplied the ideas underlying the future planned economy; yet was himself driven into exile.

Mr Carr does not only deal with the political struggle at the top. He also analyses, for the first time, how the Bolsheviks created a stable state, when the revolutionary excitement had subsided. He traces, in perhaps excessive detail, the making of the constitution of the Soviet Union. He shows how the Soviets were 'revitalised' after the party-dictatorship during the civil wars. This, too, forced on the inescapable problem in another way. Reviving the Soviets brought non-party men into power. How could the Communist party lead them unless it had something constructive to offer? Stalin found the answer. Later events were to brutalize him. First the struggle against the *kulaks;* then the panic of the great purge; and finally the patriotic war against the German invaders—these transformed Stalin, and made him a savage dictator. Before these terrible experiences, Stalin was a true moderate, cautious, compromising, driven by events, not creating them. His great decision forced him into being a leader and creator against his nature, perhaps against his will. This great decision was that Russia must go forward—if not by revolutionary enthusiasm from below, then by compulsion from above. 'Socialism in One Country' was, as Mr Carr shows, a by-product of the struggle against Trotsky; but it provided the answer. Mr Carr thinks it triumphed because of its appeal to Russian patriotism. I am inclined to believe that the Bolsheviks round Stalin were still more Socialist than Russian. Socialism in one country enabled them to be both; this was the secret of its irresistible appeal to the men of affairs. At any rate, here was the turning-point. The international revolution had been defeated. The Russian revolution had won, but only in the sense of remaining alive. Planned economy was the only way out if the revolution was now to survive; and that plan had to be on a national basis. National Communism was a fumbling response to unforeseen events. The leaders went into it backwards. Stalin took his orders from circumstances; and thus found himself conducting the greatest transformation of our time.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Schuman Plan is a study in economic co-operation made by William Diebold for the American Council on Foreign Relations (Oxford: Praeger, 57*s* 6*d*). P. E. P.'s objective survey of *European Organisations*, from ECE to Euratom, is published by Allen & Unwin (30*s*).

Capable of Reason

English Literature in the Early Eighteenth Century 1700-1740. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

The tide of literary opinion in the last few decades has run strongly against the historical study of literature. Critics have been, in the phrase of one American writer, 'ontological' critics, more interested in the works of literature themselves than in their historical context. The new emphasis is greatly to be preferred to the often sterile discussion of 'influences', 'tendencies' and 'schools', with which so many histories of literature have been hag-ridden, but bad history is not a very good reason for turning our backs on history altogether. Critics may find that they can sometimes explore the inside of a poem more easily when they know what lies outside it, that history is not always the enemy of sensibility. Any doubt they may have about this should be dispelled by the new volume which Professor Bonamy Dobrée has contributed to the Oxford History of English Literature.

Professor Dobrée's volume is the fourth to be completed out of a total of twelve and covers the years 1700-1740. It is finely produced with all that one expects from the Clarendon Press in printing and binding; it has an excellent bibliography and will doubtless be a standard reference book for the scholar and student. But this is not all. In easy and yet cultivated tones that owe something to those he writes about, Professor Dobrée gives us a brilliant conspectus of a fascinating period.

In the year which marks the beginning of this survey and shortly before his own death, Dryden wrote:

> 'Tis well an old age is out:
> And time to begin a new.

Dryden was writing prophetically, for the new century was the beginning of an age that has continued to our own day and which was in many respects in sharp contrast to the world of the Renaissance. Politically it saw the growth of constitutional monarchy and the emergence of party government. Intellectually it witnessed the triumph of science and the spread of deism and empiricism. The impact of these developments can be seen in changes in literary form; neither the epic nor the pastoral could be effective in a society which was no longer knightly but dominated by a rising mercantile middle-class. The horns of elf-land blew so faintly as to be almost inaudible, in spite of Addison's *Spectator* essay on the Faery Way of Writing. But limitations can provide new opportunities: the epic gave way to the mock-epic; the pastoral to the deliberately artificial form we meet in Pope (and Professor Dobrée quotes Lytton Strachey's observation that the only kind of poetry that is not artificial is bad poetry) or the descriptive and philosophical nature-poem of the mid-century.

And the new society called into being forms of its own such as the novel, and here it had in Defoe a writer of genius. Defoe was far more than a crude initiator and Professor Dobrée is right to discern in his work more than the germ of later achievement. Defoe's main interest may have been 'trade and morals', but his novels do more than provide source-material for the economic and social historian. The Marxist critic, in particular, has underrated the artistry that shaped this material. 'Too much has been made,' writes Professor Dobrée, 'of it [*Robinson Crusoe*]as a myth embodying the ideals of the successful bourgeois, the materialistic puritanical business-man . . . becoming, if only by implication, a criticism of the emerging capitalist-credit society.'

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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FROM CASSELL

This has often been called the Age of Reason, but it was often passionate and virulent; an age not ruled by reason but seeking rather to define its scope and limits. It is the realisation that man is not, to use the phrase Swift used, *animal rationale* but only *rationis capax*, which gives birth to the great satirical writing of the time. It is this, as Professor Dobrée suggests, which adds profundity to Pope's satire and brings Swift's near to tragedy.

It is not the great writers alone nor only the purely literary figures who catch Professor Dobrée's attention. Aesthetics, criticism, philosophy, history and memoirs are all treated with admirable skill and judgment. He will send a good many readers back to the minor poetry of the time with increased pleasure and understanding. Much of this poetry lacks figurative imagery or tension of a metaphysical kind, nor does it try to reconcile opposites in the way Coleridge demanded. It is, as Professor Dobrée says, 'contemplative rather than creative'. He quotes with aptness here Goethe's dictum, 'There is a poetry without figures of speech, which is a single figure of speech'. Such a poetry may once again find a hearing. Indeed this volume enables us to see why Matthew Arnold should speak of 'our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century'.

R. L. BRETT

The Meritocrat

F. E. Smith: First Earl of Birkenhead. By LORD BIRKENHEAD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 63*s.*

> The Conservative Party is the one for us. . . . We are sought out by Dukes; we are flattered by Marchionesses; Countesses give us dinner-parties. What have the Liberals got to offer us? Nothing but the society of Knights' ladies!

Thus F. E. Smith to Beaverbrook. The latter, in recording these remarks, added that they were uncharacteristic of the man. True, Smith was never a snob, pure and simple. But his central belief – the one guiding thread in his public life – was that the object of politics is personal success, the function of intellect to secure prizes. In one sense, it was a clever schoolboy's view of life; in another, it was a debased version of Lord Randolph Churchill's concept of Tory Democracy – the loyal and grateful masses giving their willing suffrages to the intelligent and energetic minority. Politicians always seek to mould the system in a way which best fits their own resources. Smith wanted a meritocracy because he was, as Beaverbrook said, 'the cleverest man in the kingdom'.

Smith's life – here retold at great length but with little insight by his son – shows how far (but no further) sheer brains can get a man in this country. They brought him all the prizes at Oxford and the Bar. They got him off to a flying start in the House of Commons, where he took the calculated risk of making a contentious Maiden, subjecting the triumphant Liberal Olympians of 1906 to a series of venomous personal attacks. It was the most successful Maiden in parliamentary history and made Smith a national figure at once. He then proceeded to master the technique of platform oratory and became the best public speaker in Britain. He also developed a more restrained debating technique for Cabinets, which Churchill, who had sat in many of all complexions, rated as his most effective political gift. Hence he was always assured of high office.

But at this point his career stuck. It is instructive to compare his fortunes with those of Lord Derby. Both were big Lancashire figures, especially in Liverpool, Smith's home town. Both were moderate Tories. But whereas Smith was an intellectual paladin, and a man of great courage, Derby was slow-witted and timid. Yet on every occasion when the two men came into conflict, Derby won hands down. When Smith made a personal attack on Derby in 1922, he was refused permission to speak in any Lancashire constituency, and even places which had booked him to appear cancelled the invitation; Smith's brother, Harold, only secured the Tory nomination at Wavertree by making a humiliating obeisance to Derby. The explanation lies only partly in Derby's broad Lancashire acres. The fact is, the British public only like an intelligent man on the rare occasions when he agrees with them. Lord Randolph Churchill had to learn the same bitter lesson.

It must be admitted that Smith was his own worst enemy. He drank too much, and alcohol sharpened both his arrogance and his rudeness. Despite his vast earning capacities, he was constantly in debt; his reckless extravagance aroused more resentment than it brought him friends. 'It would be easier for him,' said Bonar Law, 'to keep a live coal in his mouth than a witty saying.' By insulting Lady Houston, he got himself struck out of her husband's will, and thus lost a million pounds. What is worse, he seems to have had a genuine dislike for the underdog. Many of his most famous legal sallies were made at the expense of the poor and the weak. His behaviour in the Casement trial was contemptible; the impression that he acted with a combination of neurotic hatred and dishonesty is in no way effaced by the weak chapter his son writes in his defence.

But all really great men are a bundle of paradoxes, and the fact remains that those who knew Smith well not only liked but positively worshipped him. These included not only men of similar temperament, like Churchill and Lloyd George, but dull, cautious dogs like Austen Chamberlain and Baldwin, whose initial distrust of Smith mellowed into admiration and respect. His family, who must have suffered greatly from his weaknesses, were fanatical adherents. Above all, Smith had a following among the young and clever: to the debutant barrister and the ambitious undergraduate he was a god, for he taught them that the ruthless application of brain-power could conquer the world. The Smith tradition, still potent at both the great universities, may not be entirely wholesome, but it ensures him a permanent place in the hagiology of youth.

Any book about F. E. Smith is bound to be fascinating, and I have read Lord Birkenhead's enlarged and revised life of his father with pleasure. But it does much less than justice to its subject. Some unpublished evidence is included – notably a pleasing example of Smith's rudeness to King George V – but, in general, I have the impression that Lord Birkenhead has made inadequate use of the papers which must have been at his disposal. At a number of crucial points he carries on the narrative by lengthy quotations from such standard works as Blake's *Unknown Prime Minister*, Amery's autobiography and Beaverbrook's war books. This is not good enough; indeed, reading this book strengthens one's conviction that biographies of this importance should always be entrusted to professional historians.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Diary of John Evelyn is now one of the Oxford Standard Authors (30s.), in the text of E. S. de Beer's edition of 1955, with a very few omissions. Recent Penguins include André Gide's *The Vatican Cellars* (2s. 6d.) and Francois Mauriac's *Thérèse* (3s. 6d.).

Fish-Obsessed

A Fly Fisher's Life. By CHARLES RITZ. Foreword by ERNEST HEMINGWAY; introduction by BERNARD VENABLES. *Max Reinhardt.* 45*s.*

A British reviewer of this book is subjected to a number of complicated responses; among them admiration, envy, exasperation, and awe. For when a magnificently produced and expensive book is sponsored by two such giants as Ernest Hemingway and Bernard Venables, who assures us (and we are ready to be assured) of M. Ritz's superb competence as a fisherman, maker of rods, iconoclast of many dead traditions – and above all a fish-obsessed man – we cannot but feel awed. The dust-cover indeed shows M. Ritz holding, with a dedicated expression, two sea-trout of nightmare size.

It is a magnificent book. We are confronted with superb photographs (thirty-two of them) of Norwegian salmon rivers, Normandy chalk-streams, Austrian grayling torrents; and with pictures (that might gravely unbalance a fisherman after the 1959 season) of monstrous salmon, sea-trout, and often of M. Ritz himself proudly holding one aloft, or standing heroically beside the slain. There is even (to lend tone to the work, though none is needed) a laudatory photograph of General Bedell Smith.

But – it is translated from the French, and though Hemingway assures us that M. Ritz is an 'articulate writer' – what *does* that mean? – we have a series of mild shocks. We are, for instance, confronted with a well-known English fly called a Whickham's Fancy – how Skues would have rejoiced at the coinage! The great fly-tyer Roger Woolley receives one or two *l*'s at pleasure; and we have to deal with such miraculous sentences (perhaps rendered less articulate in translation) as 'Grayling always rise from the bottom on which they invariably take up their position but, in the case of a massive hatch, they will occasionally, instead of returning to the bottom, and this is particularly the case at moderate depths and when the strength of the current requires an effort after taking a fly, turn back half way in their dive to capture the next insect and thereby kill two birds with one stone'.

There is much entertainment to be had, notably in the section headed *Precautions Against Certain Dangers* (for M. Ritz is, we are informed, a precisian in all things).

> *1. *Barbed Wire.* Tetanus. Get inoculated. . . .
> *8. *Wet Boards.* On bridges and dams. Walk very slowly, particularly if wearing rubber boots. . . .
> *11. *Water Rats' holes.* Risle, Andelle, Charentonne.

(And, no doubt, elsewhere.) The asterisks perhaps suggest the gnomic character of the advice.

There are diagrams of how to cast, of lines and their behaviour, of pools and currents; and much advice. Some of this is strongly nationalist in character. In a comparative table of the habits of trout and grayling, we are told that the trout is 'temperamentally a Latin type. Impulsive', and that his 'activity is somewhat variable': by contrast with the grayling, who is 'temperamentally a Germanic type. Consistent'. So, too, 'the French and the Belgians are more ardent. The French fisherman is more classical than the Belgian and fishes with more elegance'. 'The British School, to the eye of the spectator, has a leisurely grace and elegance, though with the drawbacks inherent in these qualities.'

Of tackle, casting, rods, M. Ritz has much to say, as well as of the presentation of the fly to the fish. Little of it is, I think, informatively new to

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the reasonably accomplished fisherman, though the anecdotes, many in number, are always pleasant and interesting. The names of his flies are themselves superb: Tricolor, Président Billard, and La Behotière: this last a pattern specially 'created' for M. Ritz by Colonel Ogareff, who specialised in dreaming up new creations for his customers at the weekends. M. Ritz accuses the British, again as a race, of being over-concerned with exact imitation, though he, or his translator, writes of 'my Tups' in the singular, apparently without arcane knowledge of the generation of that famous fly, Tup's Indispensable, which takes its name from the fine fur derived from a ram.

Nor, I think, is M. Ritz entirely just to that great and good man, G. E. M. Skues; for he asserts categorically that Skues's nymphs float when placed in a glass of water. On the contrary I assert (for I have fished with Skues) that he did not put them in glasses of water, but moistened them in his mouth, and glycerined the gut, so that they sank, instantly, to the depth which he desired.

One would like to know many things: where M. Ritz's rods with their fascinating titles (Super Parabolic P.P.P.—Progressive Pendulate Power) may be tried and perhaps bought; the exact dressings of his flies (for the descriptions are usually confused, perhaps refracted through the prisms of the French language), but above all the secret of that charm and elegance which laid open so magically to M. Ritz the closely-guarded and superb fisheries of Canada, Norway, and Normandy.

T. R. HENN

Risibility Moderate

The Return of Hyman Kaplan. By LEO ROSTEN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Innocents at Home. By LORD KINROSS. *Murray.* 21*s.*

USA for Beginners. By ALEX ATKINSON and RONALD SEARLE. *Perpetua.* 21*s.*

Sick Sick Sick. By JULES FEIFFER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry. Edited by WILLIAM COLE. *Simon & Schuster.* 52*s.*

Hoping for a Hoopoe. By JOHN UPDIKE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rapidly Round the Bend. By C. HAMILTON ELLIS. *Max Parrish.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Travelling Light. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I Know What I Like. By GEORGINA COLERIDGE. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Idly Oddly. By PAUL JENNINGS. *Max Reinhardt.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hyman Kaplan, exuberant mangler of the English language in Mr Parkhill's beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, elides again. 'In N.Y. I am happy. But not 100%. So I am coming to school. To learn. All. I am full of all kinds embition. My mottol is—Kaplan, GO HIGH!!' After twenty years, he still sits in the front row centre exchanging solecisms with the Mitnicks and Moskowitzes—though his creator, Leo Rosten, no longer cringes behind the alias 'Leonard Q. Ross'. Mr Parkhill ('Pockheel' to his tormentor) still perseveres through bouts of slightly overdone despair: the class still toils on in pathetic battle with the invincible forces of ignorance. If you enjoyed *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*, you'll enjoy its successor. Nothing has changed.

Nothing, that is, unless *you* have. Myself, I find this style of humour equivocal. Kaplan, to be sure, is 'a great comic character', and the book positively reeks with heart, laughter-with-compassion-in-its-eyes, etc., rather like those embarrassing moments in Danny Kaye films when the clown becomes a six-foot pixie. But Kaplan's secret isn't his dialect so much as his irrepressibility; and underlying the compassion, to my mind, there's something more like condescension, or at best a kind of pastoral pity. Just listen, in other words, to these poor boobs trying to talk English. Well, admittedly, foreigners and deaf people often seem rather simple, and dialect humour often gets under the skin of class-conscious societies. But we're all foreigners somewhere, all boobs in some language; and to me at least Mr Parkhill's class isn't quite so funny as it used to be in the days when wogs began at Brooklyn Bridge.

Lord Kinross, of course, is a distinguished wog himself. In this eight-month chronicle of Greyhound bus-trips across America, he too has difficulties with the language, with the cops, with the custodians of the Grand Canyon, and with an unnerving gentleman by the name of Eldon Edwards, head of the Atlanta branch of the Ku Klux Klan. There were happier moments, particularly with a circle of painters and writers whom he met in New York; and his trained eye has adroitly if acidulously recorded a fine panorama of American impressions, only lightly sprinkled with the potted sociology in which every visitor seems to indulge. A pleasant, witty, discerning travelogue, in fact.

USA for Beginners, on the other hand, is a cunning parody of a travelogue, written strictly from a European armchair. Mr Atkinson indeed claims never to have been to America: if so, he must be an assiduous reader of *Time* and *Newsweek*, a compulsive film fan, and a pillar of his local ESU. Ronald Searle's drawings likewise combine burlesque with secret worship; and the whole book makes a splendid answer to S. J. Perelman's fantasies of British life.

A more up-to-date picture emerges from Jules Feiffer's illustrated word-friezes in *Sick Sick Sick*—one of the two funniest books in this list. In basic attitude he seems to resemble Thurber, preferring diffident dissidents to regular guys or beatniks; but his world is today's world, and his insight is even subtler. His drawings, of course, are even more brilliantly bad.

The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry is the *heaviest* book here, but not, I think the best value. Its proof-reader should be handed over to one of Harry Graham's imperturbable sadists. For me, it won't replace the late Michael Roberts's comic verse collection: but it does contain more than 450 poems, including some rare gems from P. G. Wodehouse, Vladimir Nabokov, and Peter De Vries. There are also some pleasant broadsides directed against *Time*, *Life*, and the *New Yorker*, as well as a disillusioned address to Cynthia, by P. M. Hubbard, inspired by too many corset advertisements:

> . . . For while you outwardly appear
> Designed to my desires,
> There creeps upon my inward ear
> The creak of hidden wires.

Such simple fun is rather beneath John Updike, whose delicately rococo poems, many of them from the *New Yorker*, provoke admiration rather than mirth. The most outrageously ingenious rhymester since Byron or W. S. Gilbert, Mr Updike is best when most *fantaisiste*, for instance on the too-easy chair:

> For, seated, you shall sink and never rise.
> The slow osmosis of the chair's embrace
> Shall make your arms *its* arms, and make your face
> An antimacassar monogrammed with eyes.

Rapidly Round the Bend, written and drawn in rather Stephen-Potterish style by C. Hamilton Ellis, Gent, is a very expert bogus history of railways, containing—where I could check it—quite a lot of Genuine Information concealed amid the Sellar and Yeatman *memorabilia*. Not exactly a belly-achin' button-buster, then; but the drawings are funnier than the text.

The same is true of *Travelling Light* and *I Know What I Like*, illustrated by Anton and Peter Kneebone respectively. The former, by Peter de Polnay, is subtitled 'A Guide to Foreign Parts', and the phrase suggests its slightly dated air. It was never quite clear to me whether Mr de Polnay was trying to spoof the professional explorers of Europe or to impress me with his one-time expertise. Lady Georgina Coleridge, on the other hand, has the clear aim of mocking the cliché, and she marshals an impressive array, in lists and in short articles, some of them wickedly accurate. Transport House and the Central Office should both buy this book at once—for imitation or admonition as the case may be.

I said two books were outstanding in this collection. The second of them is *Idly Oddly*, believe it or not the *seventh* of Paul Jennings's collections of essays. Don't ask me how he keeps it up—does some Rumpel-Stiltskin of the Home Counties dart into the *Observer* on press day carrying a parchment scroll? Clearly, an army of spies unearths these weird 'English Glossaries' by Broeckhoven and Praem, these grotesque advertisements and surrealist railway schedules. But *Idly Oddly* is more do-it-yourself than usual: blurb by the author, illustrations by the author's wife, and the proof-reading appears to be by N. Oone.

RICHARD MAYNE

From the Personal Podium

Steps to Immaturity. By STEPHEN POTTER. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

Mine Enemy Grows Older. By ALEXANDER KING. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

It Isn't All Mink. By GINETTE SPANIER. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Steps to Immaturity is the first volume (1900-1919) of Stephen Potter's autobiography. In a dedicatory letter to his sister Muriel, he reveals her as being doubtful as to the readability of the book's small-scale events. Let me urge her to abandon this sisterly concern and encourage the author to press rapidly on with volume two.

It was a happy childhood and adolescence and Mr Potter has recalled past pleasures and oddities with humour and gusto. There were Canon Clarke's children's parties (Games and Tricks from Three to Six). There was the fascination of silent film sub-titles ('Three years pass slowly for Grizelda'). Returning home after bowling an iron hoop over Clapham Common, one might find that the weekly *Puck* had arrived, full of inspiriting horse-play (Biff Bang WALLOP) and the adventures of Professor Radium, the inventor, who discovered ways of peeling bananas by electrical X-rays and a method of going to Australia by underground slide. Later on came the *Boy's Own Paper*, with its endless serial 'From the Slums to the Quarter-deck: the Story of a Lad of Grit'.

Family church-going was not devoid of interest, especially when there were eccentrics present:

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Even the Litany became almost interesting by the very incredibility of its length, and there was always a chance that the organ might cipher and refuse to desert a high, piercing, reed pipe ('Mr Drummond became expert in constructing a sequence of voluntaries based on this permanent note'). It was a musical household, to which even the sad widower, Uncle Jim, contributed with his constant mumbling of a comic song of yesteryear:

> He really was a very pecu
> Oh yes pecu a most pecu
> He really was a very pecu
> A most peculiar man.

Potter *père et mère* emerge engagingly from the pages. The former was a great practice-in-the-bathroom man, either repeating Italian phrases for a business visit to Milan or rehearsing his speech for some festivity at the Sudbrooke Road Tennis Club: 'I think we all feel . . . no . . . I think we would all agree that Mr Werrex has done wonders with the new heavy roller'.

And so to four years as a day-boy at Westminster where, at prayers in the Abbey, one might be able to place a reverent knee on the tomb of Dickens or Tennyson. Incredible to learn that Stephen Potter, without aid of Gamesmanship, once won that famous pancake tussle (for thirty years his mother loyally kept the victorious batter in a tin). The school sections are extraordinarily well done: but then the whole book is a delight.

From these calm and agreeable waters we swirl into the alarming vortex of *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, by Alexander King, an American and a reformed drug-addict. His frankness about this hobby makes uncomfortable reading ('I hadn't had a fix in eight hours and I was sweating like a hunk of rancid pork'). Morphine was the thing, marihuana being 'about as useful to an addict as creamed lady fingers'. Better after a spell at the Federal Narcotics Hospital, where he was nursed by a coloured male hair-stylist called Gertrude, he plunged back into what has been a fullish life, including four marriages (one of them to the original model of Disney's Snow White), a career in painting and illustrating, and (how dotty can one get?) the auctioning of a six-handled *pot de chambre* at the Waldorf Astoria.

Mr King is especially good on his time with the Luce publications, for which he was engaged to provide lively novelties. But however lively the novelty, information and instruction must not be neglected:

> If for instance we happened to print a war picture showing four decapitated Bulgarians, we would, captionwise, point out to our readers that the foliage in the background was composed of native eucalyptus trees, and that the soil in which the victims had bled to death was alluvial, and predisposed to grape culture.

To mitigate one's prim, English shudders at some of the grimmer episodes, there are several laughs, and good ones, a chapter. One can but admire Mr King's stamina. His book, the jacket tells us, is 'one long celebration of the weirdness and wonder of existence'. Yes indeed. My eyebrows are nearly over the back of my head.

It Isn't All Mink is a disarming account of a life that has ended in the *hautest* of the *couture* possibilities – Directrice of the House of Balmain. Ginette Spanier confesses to being success-struck and stage-struck, though 'just any old star won't do. They have to be people who make my heart sing, my nerves buzz'. Prominent among the nerve-buzzers are Miss Dietrich, Danny Kaye and Lena Horne, with English products not neglected: 'Ooooh. Sir John Gielgud on my staircase and Noël Coward in the lift. Not bad for little Jenny from Golders Green'.

The way from Golders Green led through the gift department of Fortnum and Mason's, who rapidly discovered her talent for 'selling very expensive things to very rich people'. Attempts to turn her into a professional bulk buyer failed ('If there is anything more un-me than a dozen it is a gross'), her talent being for the single, rather special object.

Miss Spanier is, understandably, more at home with *robes de style* than with the pen, but her description of life in France with her husband during the German Occupation is restrained and terrifying. There was little comfort or hope for an English Jewess on the run, but, with great courage and resource, she survived and is now supreme in her bizarre world. Ladies wishing to be mannequins must look sharp about inserting themselves into the creations ('Marie-Thérèse slithers into them like an eel in mud. And whoops, swish, there she is ready for the podium'). They must deny themselves sun-tan ('I want you green, like something decaying'). They must learn to walk ('All mannequins swish their bottoms . . . and stretch their legs straight in front like a racehorse'). The ability to parade the podium in the accepted bemused and trance-like manner, suggestive of Lady Macbeth after a cheese supper, seems less hard to acquire when one reads about the tumultuous *va-et-vient* of the dressing-rooms ('It is quite something to see a *grande Collection* explode backstage').

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Treasure Trove

Dickens Incognito. By FELIX AYLMER. *Hart-Davis*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Charles Dickens's tiny pocket diary for 1857, which he either lost or threw aside while in America, has found its way to New York Public Library. At first glance – there is a photostat of a sample of the diary in this book – it appears to be a most unrevealing record of the novelist's daily activities; but subjected to microscopic scrutiny it has launched Mr Aylmer on a most extraordinary and ambitious essay in posthumous detection.

Since 1934, when Thomas Wright first published the story, it has been widely accepted that Dickens conducted a clandestine love affair with a young actress called Ellen Ternan during the last years of his life, and lived with her at Peckham under the false name of Tringham. In the diary Mr Aylmer found constant references to 'N' the recurrent entries 'To Sl:' and 'At Sl:' in the early months of 1867. Interpreting 'N' as Nelly (the familiar name by which Dickens called his mistress) and 'Sl:' as Slough in Bucks, Mr Aylmer addressed himself to the rate-books of Slough, and was rewarded by the discovery that a Tringham paid rates for a house in the High Street there from January 1866 to June 1867. By further research he has identified the actual house, Elizabeth Cottage, which has since been pulled down. After reading the accumulation of evidence one may safely conclude that Dickens and Ellen Ternan were living in sin together at Slough during that period.

So far, so good. Mr Aylmer's second bold conclusion is less well authenticated. From an entry in the diary he deduces that Ellen Ternan gave birth to a child on 13 April 1857, and after a search of the records at Somerset House he con-

cludes that the child was illegally registered under the false name of 'Francis Charles Tringham' on 20 May 1857, at Lambeth Registry Office. The evidence adduced for this hypothesis is ingenious and plausible, but not by any means conclusive. For example, the signature 'E. Tringham' on the birth certificate might have been written in a feigned hand or by Ellen Ternan herself. The authorities at Somerset House, however, refuse to allow inspection of the original certificate. 'Not proven' would seem to be the safest verdict. But even if the reader disagrees with Mr Aylmer, he will be hard put to find an equally plausible explanation for the strange array of facts assembled in this most intriguing book.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Man and Maps

The World is Round. By FRANK DEBENHAM. *Macdonald* and *Rathbone Books*. 50s.

Professor Debenham has long had a reputation as a geographer of imagination, and Rathbone Books have been steadily acquiring one as publishers of distinction. Both reputations will be enhanced by this magnificent volume. It is not merely an atlas (although the care with which the maps have been built up from specially prepared relief models is impressive), but rather an effort to present a unified account of man's material environment and the ways in which his history has been affected by it. It is an ambitious project, and one on the whole successfully accomplished. Some of the miniature marginal sketches are neither particularly instructive nor notably well done, yet minor blemishes like these detract little from the merits of a volume imaginatively conceived, meticulously planned and beautifully executed.

As Bertrand Russell remarks in his foreword, 'We have to learn that the world is round and that it does not have a centre at the place where we happen to live', and many of the plates in this volume drive that lesson home. Every schoolchild has learned the roundness of the world as a piece of cerebration, but some of the unusually directioned global views here presented are likely also to strike the imagination. In particular, those centred on Antarctica and South America impress by their vastness of land mass, while that of the Indian Ocean strikes a note of immense wateriness. For an English child, the hemisphere of the Eurasian continent, with these islands as tiny outliers, is perhaps especially salutary; while the proximity of the USA and the USSR has implications too obvious to need stressing.

Fascinating, too, are the illustrations depicting the history of the geographer's craft and science. Driftwood notched by Eskimos, bamboo and shell charts of Pacific currents and swells, Amerindian trails and Babylonian city maps in clay – all testify to man's urge to place himself in a position of mastery over his environment through knowledge of it. From Ptolemy, through Columbus and Mercator to the Ordnance Survey and seismography and the bathyscope, the tale is told of increasing knowledge and advancing technique.

CYRIL BIBBY

Arnold Wesker's *Roots* is now one of the Penguin Plays (2s. 6d.). Two other additions to the series (3s. 6d. each) are *Three Irish Plays* (Denis Johnston's *Moon in the Yellow River*, Joseph O'Conor's *The Iron Harp*, and Donagh Macdonagh's *Step-in-the-Hollow*) and three Pirandellos (*The Rules of the Game*, *The Life I Gave You*, and *Lazarus*).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Artfulness of Simenon

Two new Simenons* were published last week. Two? It would need ten to twitch an eyebrow, so accustomed have we grown to this writer's multiplication. In the struggle between novelist and reader, Simenon is an easy winner; amazement has declined into acceptance; his industry has been of a kind to encourage laziness, and the 300 or so volumes of novels and stories (some put it as high as 450) have far outgrown our awareness of them. One likes to think of that enormous reserve piling up, to catch one in five or six as they come out, to pick among old titles, French or English, wondering whether one's read this or it's time to revive that. *Le Locataire*? Or was it *L'Assassin*? The murderer who came home, to throw himself on the mercy of relatives who hadn't the heart to give him up? Soon the big armchair by the fire was his, the prime cut from the joint, the glass of liqueur. In the cold and the wet they'd run errands for him; till, grown fat, yawning, stretching himself – in the Spring, was it? – he ventured out, and was arrested.

Or there was a bearded stamp-dealer whose bachelordom in an old alley was overthrown by the girl opposite dressing and undressing not ten feet away: a *voyeur* with the heart of a child, he at last blunders in, offers marriage, is towed along, comes back one day to a corpse and the whole neighbourhood roused. Or the train-watcher, fascinated by the lit windows flickering past, the impervious travellers for foreign parts: the time will come when he will be one of them, a fugitive borne lightly over the frontier, deliriously lost in Paris, then trapped. Or poor fat Aunt Jeanne, back from the Americas to die, who needs brandy before she can face the family, finds them in a far worse dilapidation, and takes command, even though her swollen legs have driven her to bed. Or that big old house in the provinces where a brilliant advocate has grown old over his wine, while after hours a younger generation play like mice among the cobwebs, at sex and death. . . . Or the lights of a big empty café, ablaze on a deserted square in the town under curfew, with three women murdered; shutters will be taken down in the morning, greetings exchanged, and one of these shopkeepers will settle to his task of cutting words from a newspaper to paste out the anonymous letter challenging the world with last night's act.

Sad, lonely lives; or dull existences barbarously given meaning, like a nation at war. By some we may be touched, by others repelled: but the repulsion is at close quarters, and we find it hard to disengage. Families, to be escaped from. Society with its rules for all occasions, that can so easily become a mob hot for vengeance. Those rat-runs of old towns, where for a time the baffled and erring individual may enjoy a hallucinatory freedom, life of a kind. . . . Places almost as much as people dominate one's memories. Travelling, say, across France to Lyons, one would read a Simenon to give edge to the journey: unobtrusively, he has made more contacts with readers than they would admit. I remember in Marseilles reading at one o'clock in the morning some story of his, high up in a very thin hotel near the King Charles station, and being suddenly startled, not from the page, by a series of dreadful shrieks; I jumped up and ran to the window, and there, far below in the moonlight on waste ground, a plump man had fallen on his knees gabbling and threatening himself with a knife held high, while a woman – his wife, apparently – ran towards him imploring; then he ran on a little way, she following, and so out of sight if not out of range. At intervals, from widely separated heights in the town, would come a new volley of yells, of lamentation. Next morning, chewing my *croissant*, I learnt that it had been the baker next door, for whom the new moon made it a regular thing.

Life, we know, follows literature; the Dominici Affair needs only the final elucidation of the master. And I don't think I would read the *News of the World* as I do, but for him, though in any case it would be far nearer literature than *The Times*. 'Beast at Large', 'Glaring Eyes Again', 'Trunk Found', 'Who has carried Brown Paper Parcels?' Automatically, thanks to Simenon, we can translate these green-lit atrocities into human terms, realise the spectre in *ourselves*. We are Rouse giving dinner to a middle-aged lady in Kensington. We arrange the leaky stove-pipe, or invite the fatal bath. We have bridged the gap between Helen of Troy and Le Neve.

Not, of course, that this liberation is uppermost in our minds when we look for 'a new Simenon' (as one might say, a day at Brighton, a flutter, or a night out), or that we discern any self-improvement, if there has been such, depending partly, no doubt, on the reader: but there the mystery remains, that we tear into a thriller as easily as if it were by Agatha Christie and come out from an experience, which – being awkward – we may forget till next time. Such easy access can't surely have taken us as far as we thought? It is still difficult to believe that readability can have been so tethered to serious purposes, that a style that has accumulated no tricks and excised boredom could be the more admirable the less it was noticed. But that is, in fact, the case with Simenon. He writes quicker narrative than any other novelist of his weight: we *should* take it for granted, we *shouldn't* worry about or admire the means, wish to go back on a phrase or a sentence, because that would dislocate the chain of discovery and anticipation, impulse and event, break the spell. For Flaubert the novel was an epic written in prose *à faire rêver*. For Simenon the dream consists in our being involved in a fatality of person, place, time, and event so that we can't escape, we are urged forward, from first to last, the compulsion can't slacken. His only pauses serve to let hope or dread silt up: the moment of suspense will be prolonged by dipping back, just for how long and how far is exactly measured. *Le mot juste* has become the word active or propellant. His great gift – to match an uncompromising quest into the undergrowth of human personality – is a continuity miraculously sustained.

This, I think, is what allies his writing to the film, and not, as has been said – I've said it myself – that he has a cinematic eye; in fact, he takes more senses on the prowl than the camera can – smell, touch, and taste, for example. His cracked buildings sweat on us; we rub the shiny velvet on an old pin-cushion; insect noises infect the walls of the new flat; there are dead smells as well as live; persons jostle helplessly; sex that radiates from some, curdles in others. The sum of the five senses – or allow him one more, like the bat – creates those vibrant 'images' that space out a person or an interior, a family, a town. His method is the very reverse of photographic realism, which must always take in too much by too limited means. A very few points on different planes give the impression of a woman stirring from sleep, waves of traffic changing gear up a steep street, the grey Seine at Ivry. All is precise yet atmospheric. This animation, of things as of people, has grown with Simenon over the years. Then it was a cool notation from outside; now the lights wink within. His self-discovery, in *Je me Souviens*, *Pedigree*, and perhaps *Les Trois Crimes de Mes Amis*, has been richly uncompromising; though the novel of breadth and depth precludes the linear speed essentially his.

And we – occasional or devout readers – have hardly realised what was happening. We have lapped up what has come our way. It isn't easy now to bring a fresh mind to Simenon because we are so conditioned: that name on the cover spells marvellous disenchantment. But with these two new novels, *Striptease* and *Maigret and the Reluctant Witnesses*, I have tried to confront a writer who has given me more pleasure than any other living novelist and to arrest an enjoyment too readily assumed. Both are, so far as the bystander in me can assert himself, light but perfect examples of his art. *Striptease* is a masterpiece of its kind (and of how many other Simenon stories might not that be said?), a *nouvelle* with the essence of something larger, readable as a menu, satisfying as the best lunch. It has a whole life-story in it, a business (night-club in Cannes), a routine in which one gets to know every instant, an ambience of holiday-making and near prostitution; the season rolls on; new girls replace old; the struggle for survival and against the scrapheap comes naked in all senses. Nudity is as it were a key-image, as the skull is in *Hamlet*. On the first page one of the girls gets up, plump and amiable, and struts naked about the rooms she shares with a colleague; she goes out to hang on the crowd round a bride emerging from church (so beautifully dolled up!); then there is at night, to almost empty tables, the striptease itself, brilliantly, deftly conveyed, and a visit later to the beach will reveal there, in the openly prone bodies, a far greater obscenity; finally, the girl who has been squeezed out of the running disappears to Nice; she is heard of consorting with Arabs, and her body is washed up on the shor:

* *Striptease* and *Maigret and the Reluctant Witnesses*. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

– naked. And she'd almost made it, as the boss's mistress, if a new girl – a false innocent – hadn't trodden her down! Her life-effort is the tale's span; but in addition we know all that's needed about the dozen lives with which hers for a while has clicked into gear. We know without prying. Nothing is hidden, and there is no pornography in a story that could obviously invite it.

The second novel is Maigret nearing retirement, looking forward yet sighing for those years at the Sûreté, going out with a pipe and a muffler, in November, to a corpse in a dank suburb. The creeping nostalgia gets a fillip from meeting at headquarters an old lag, a burglar who has made a lifelong habit of *moving in* on the premises of famous people departed on holiday: the cellar has counted for him almost more than the jewel-case; and now he must take the rap. And Maigret, with a sigh, must be off to Ivry, where, in Dickensian dereliction, a biscuit-manufacturer of old family has come by his death. It is slight, touching in its moods, odd in its jars, and pervaded by those thrills of mortal discovery which, with this detective, have always been more important than clues. Once again Simenon has solved the problem of how to write a mystery story – which must conceal character – and a novel – which must reveal it – at the same time. This is the least example of the artfulness concealing a great writer.

G. W. STONIER

Crowns into Chaos

The Hashemite Kings. By JAMES MORRIS. *Faber.* 21*s.*

If, when you run into your one-time Middle East acquaintance in Pall Mall, you ask him what he is doing now, he is likely enough to answer: 'I am writing a book on the Hashemites'. Mr James Morris is, as befits a good journalist, first in the field with his material. If his rivals are still pondering over their Arabic spellings and their footnotes, he has disdained such worries and has written an alive and galloping book for 'those whose interest in the Middle East has only recently been stimulated'. All such people will find him most informative, whether they are stimulated by what they read in the newspapers, or a business trip, or a pleasure cruise on which it proved impossible to get from Nazareth to Bethlehem on account of an unexpected frontier.

Forty days: forty nights: forty years. The number is classic in the wilderness over which the Hashemite kings ruled and rule, and a forty-year span is exactly that of the British support for their royal house, and therefore of this book. Between the Arab Revolt in 1916 and the Suez disaster in 1956, British power furnished the family with three crowns, money, armaments, many good friends, much sound advice and a succession of alliances—but alliances that grew increasingly out of date as its Arab subjects gained education and worldly experience, and fell under the spell of Nasser's bid to restore Arab greatness without help from outsiders.

Was the connection worth while? From Britain's standpoint, most certainly so, for it helped to tide an elderly empire over challenges from the Kaiser, Hitler and (counting the Berlin and Korean crises) Stalin. From the standpoint of four generations of Hashemites, the answer depends on the kind of life that is preferred – one of risks and the limelight, or the even tenor of obscurity. But for Britain, the whole family might have gone under to Ibn Saud when he conquered Mecca and Jidda in 1925, and have lived in a Lausanne suburb ever after. As things were, they had a heyday, disintegrating into 'chaos in not very easy stages' and ending with what the only surviving king – Hussein of Jordan – calls a 'caravan of martyrs'. Judging by the astronomic changes of fortune that fill Arab folklore, the alternative that was their lot is the one most Arabs would choose.

History fairly flows at Mr Morris's hands. In this book, his analyses are shrewd and his portraits incisive, and both are memorable thanks to his genius with adjectives. We live with great-grandfather Hussein's 'rancid sense of grievance', the 'brilliantly venomous voices' of Cairo radio, the British 'committed to the conservative side of an increasingly high and spiky fence' and Arab friends coming to the aid of British troops with 'truckloads of tribal volunteers singing dauntless war chants but unfortunately bringing no rations'. Without being spiteful or condescending, Mr Morris is able to pop in the touch of the ludicrous that so often spices a solemn human scene; he can with equal ease provoke laughter, pity or sorrow. His chapter on the great-grandsons, which is the epoch he knew at first hand, includes the best outline yet produced of the reasons for the collapse of Nuri's Iraq. Over the whole tale hangs the miasma of the Palestine problem – part answerable for the British will to quit, and so for the collapse of a mainstay and the fall of the House that Jack Built.

Since Mr Morris uses only British sources, and not all of them at that, he leaves plenty of scope for the more learned works of his competitors. His photographs are well chosen, and an excellent book is marred only by a disgraceful number of misprints, that mounts towards its end and suggests that the proof reader went, unaccountably, to sleep.

ELIZABETH MONROE

Behind the Great Dam

Kariba. By FRANK CLEMENTS. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

Operation Noah. By CHARLES LAGUS. *Kimber.* 21*s.*

Animal Dunkirk. By ERIC ROBINS and RONALD LEGGE. *Jenkins.* 21*s.*

The building of a power dam across the Zambesi – a dam some 2,000 feet long and 420 feet high, at a cost of £50 million – is clearly a theme that a writer might approach from many viewpoints and at many different levels. The conception and planning of so mighty a project; the great settlement of European technicians and workers who arrived to make it fact; the displacement and resettlement of tribes whose traditional lands were to be at the bottom of a new lake of 2,500 square miles; the Africans' belief in the river god Nyaminyami who would surely be angered and turn his great wrath against the white man to protect his worshippers; their incredulity and dismay at his defection, goading them into acts of violence and rebellion; the slow rising of the water behind the dam and the futile struggle of unthinkable millions of subhuman creatures to escape drowning – each of these themes and many others could provide a microcosm of hope and fear, of creation and destruction. Indeed, it is not the fact that three books upon the same subject should appear simultaneously that is strange, but rather that there are only three.

In *Kariba* Mr Clements follows the project

from its conception right through to the sealing of the dam and slow rise of the water that will not end for another two or even three years. It is a serious book into which has gone much research, and it will undoubtedly become a source-book to those who want to write of Kariba in the future. My regret is that it is not longer, for Mr Clements is plainly qualified by knowledge, intellect and writing ability to deal more fully with certain aspects. *Kariba* is absorbing and intelligent, filled with fact and yet imaginatively written.

The other two books, though their authors have sketched in enough background to make the subject intelligible, are concerned only with a single aspect – the devoted but pathetically inadequate efforts of a handful of game rangers and volunteers to rescue a few out of the millions of drowning animals. This work, which still continues, became known as Operation Noah, one surely calculated to touch the heart of the great mass of English readers. It is, indeed, a moving story, as are all tales of pity by the strong for the weak; but these books should, perhaps, be read with a paragraph from Mr Clements in mind:

> It may help to put the matter into perspective if it is remembered that over six hundred thousand head of game have been shot in Southern Rhodesia alone as part of the campaign against tsetse fly, and that this slaughter continues within a hundred miles of the area where rescue operations are now being conducted. . . . For every animal that has been rescued by officials in Operation Noah, at least two, during the same period, have been shot by other officials working nearby.

Between these two books dealing with the same subject it might appear easy to make a quick decision, but it is not. Mr Lagus's photographs are magnificent, as might be expected from a television cameraman of his wide experience, but, maddeningly, they are captioned only in the list of illustrations; those in *Animal Dunkirk* are perhaps not quite so striking, but one does not have to turn back a hundred pages to find out what they are about. This book carries an extraordinarily vacuous foreword by Sir Roy Welensky; *Operation Noah* has two, each interesting, by Peter Scott and the Secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society. Both these books can confidently be recommended as presents to the animal-minded young.

GAVIN MAXWELL

English Helicons

The Cherry Tree. Chosen by GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phoenix House.* 25*s.*

The Atlantic Book of British and American Poetry. Edited by DAME EDITH SITWELL. *Gollancz.* 2 vols. 63*s.*

Mr Grigson knows that the first rule for an editor of children's anthologies is not to be caught appealing to children: his book isn't dragged down by the sense of what is suitable. He believes (so I infer) that you can forget the reputed tenderness of young minds and stomachs so long as rhythms are ear-catching, and tone brilliant or bizarre or simply warm. And so there are horrors here, visual (a woodcut of mankind broken on Fortune's wheel) as well as poetic ('A louse crept out of my lady's shift . . .'), and sex, and madness, and hatred, and all sorts of things that used to be kept from the Dickensian young person.

But once he has shown that he is ready to play fair, that he won't appeal offensively, Mr Grigson proceeds with art. The absurd look and sound of Latin, as one first meets it, inspire half a dozen good choices. Irreverence towards the great-and-

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famous poems that are forcibly fed to the young is also indulged:

> *O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,*
> *Or but a wandering voice?*
> State the alternative preferred
> With reasons for your choice.

But this falls within a very ample context of good verse and major poets. The child who grows up with Mr Grigson's book has the means to see that he is inheriting the world's first literature. He will also be encouraged to face what is difficult and strange by the extracts he reads here. Surely Donne's whale ('Swim in him swallow'd dolphins, without fear, And feel no sides . . .') will sustain some of Mr Grigson's public through *The Progress of the Soul*. Likewise with Marlowe's plays, and Shakespeare's. And likewise even with Spenser and Milton, and with the threshold terrors of Chaucer. Notice, too, how the cunning editor refers with interesting casualness to poems he doesn't quote. There are, of course, things to disagree with. I would always keep Housman's deathly talent out of a children's book. Yeats is unworthily represented, and this deserves a protest because bad Yeats is peculiarly blinding. Children love T. S. Eliot, who is not here at all. But I cannot remember an anthology which provoked so much surprise together with so little disapproval.

The child who finds something to enjoy in every section of Mr Grigson's book would not find the world of Dame Edith Sitwell's anthology very strange. Her thousand-page book is freshly, boldly idiosyncratic and unofficial. She has room to display many of the interesting and often beautiful things she has found in the by-ways of her reading. She is like Mr Grigson in her great zest and independence, unlike him in her taste; only occasionally, as in the respect paid to Smart and Clare, does one detect a single *Zeitgeist* at work in their two books.

Dame Edith's is pre-eminently a lyrical anthology. There are memorable narrative and dramatic prospects – the whole of the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, fifty pages of Shakespearean extracts, the expected rich slices of Pope – but the commanding interest is that which the opening pages of medieval religious and secular verse arouse, and which the sections devoted to sixteenth- and seventeenth-century lyric chiefly sustain (her Romantic choices being much less striking). The section devoted to Sidney is a triumph: 'one of the greatest lyrical poets in our language' Dame Edith calls him, and she nearly makes good her claim. This is the general anthology in which to meet Campion for the first time, and George Herbert, and Vaughan.

Mr Grigson does not find room for any of Dame Edith's own poems. Nor would she have done, had not 'the publishers overruled the author's objections' – which was fortunate, since her modern section is strange enough already, with a number of near-nonentities honoured and some good writers left out. No Edward Thomas, for example. No John Betjeman. Generous enthusiasm is, nevertheless, the dominant mood; the only poetry which rouses Dame Edith to conscious severity seems to be that in which she finds an academic taint: Arnold and Bridges get less than two pages between them. She does not attempt a formal commentary, but breaks in now and then when she feels like it, to say something about the poets who interest her specially. She criticises, of course, as a practitioner, and her judgments – for instance, that Shelley 'obtains his poignancy almost entirely by the use of sharp vowels' – are often too personal to be assessed.

Harrods' Christmas Catalogue places Dame Edith's anthology high among Gift Books, in fact second to *The Gardens in the Royal Park at Windsor, while the Oxford Book of English Verse* languishes in the teenager section. Justice is done; Q, patched and accrete, must give way to something fresher. But the justice is very rough, since it is primarily its teenager appeal that distinguishes the new book and makes it worthy to stand with the five Auden-Pearson volumes at the head of post-war anthologies.

JOHN JONES

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

New Novels

The Cave. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 18*s*.

Scotty. By CHRISTOPHER DAVIS. *Hart-Davis*. 18*s*.

The Lovely Awful Thing. By MAURICE RICKARDS *Blond*. 15*s*.

The Holidays. By ALEXANDER VUČO. Translated by ALEC BROWN. *Lincolns-Prager*. 21*s*.

Buried in the heart of *The Cave* is the theme of a novel that might have been written by Robert Penn Warren – the kingfish-size Penn Warren, that is, of *All the King's Men* and *Night Rider*. The theme is, or could have been, the corrosion of the values of simple people by the publicity machine, that mass-media alchemy (see *This is Your Life*) that turns seaweed into hearts of gold. A young man called Jasper Harrick, supposedly trapped, lies dying in a cave. His friend Isaac Sumpter, his eye on the sympathy market, moves in with a rescue squad and a tape recorder:

> A man is in the ground. He is a young man . . . His father, an old man, a brave man, a man who has a Congressional Medal dating back to an old war . . . sits in front of the cave, in a wheel chair, dying of cancer. He wants his son to come out so that he can die happy. His mother waits, and prays. The crowd prays with her. They are singing now. Do you hear them? . . . Edit sound as necessary.

The cameras sweep along the crowds of hillbillies singing 'Rock of Ages'. A television commentator, a tinfoil-wrapped, disposable lump in his throat, features the rescue attempt in his programme, 'The World We Live In'. '. . . and as we have heard these good people praying for the safety of Jasper Harrick, and singing for him to be saved, we have felt how much they love and admire him. . . .' A hillbilly gives a lying account of the conversation he has had with the trapped young man: 'Well, he sort of grinned and said, "You tell 'em out there to do the digging and I'll do the grunting".'

Unfortunately, this isn't the theme at all. Or if it is, it is so obscured and fuzzed over by the sexual obsessions of practically every character in the book that it is hardly visible. One grows so weary of the breasts and 'bare asses' that one begins to wonder why Mr Penn Warren didn't leave the cave out of it and write his own *Memoirs of Hecate County* and get it over with. It is unfair and unethical to ask of him a book that he patently didn't intend to write, but the disappointment is great, and made greater by the fact that his characters are flat and stereotyped. Mr Penn Warren's hillbillies talk like those bearded beanpoles who lean against the outhouse in the pages of *Esquire*. Perhaps that is the way hillbillies do talk, after all, but one can take just so much of gnarled characters saying 'Hit's a fack' when they mean 'It's a fact'. This is one of Mr Penn Warren's off years, and that's another fack.

Before we had all these debunking novels about Madison Avenue and grey flannel suits (I suppose there's got to be one about the novel-writing racket before long) there was a spate of 'message' novels – colour-bar novels, lost weekend novels, etc. *Scotty*, in spite of a brave attempt to get to a deeper level, is a throwback to that period. A middle-class coloured family moves into an all-white suburb in the northern United States. Immediately the white residents begin to panic about land values and the 'for sale' signs go up along the street. Petitions are signed and the Negro family are offered an inflated price for their house to get them out of the neighbourhood – 'It's an odd state of affairs when you get richer instead of poorer because people don't like the colour of your skin'. Across the street lives a white enlightened family – 'enlightened' in the same self-conscious way that Jehovah's Witnesses are 'saved'. When the enlightened family's enlightened daughter begins to get involved with the Negro family's precocious son Scotty, with whom the book is really concerned, no one is as enlightened as at first appeared. End message. It's not really as cliché-ridden as this, but these phrases about the colour of our skin, etc., do rather creep in. Despite some good touches on the neurotic Negro mother and her odd son, none of Mr Davis's characters really exists except in relation to the colour bar. Because of this, he has just failed to jump the hurdle that separates the message novel from the novel proper.

The Lovely Awful Thing is an essay in the stream-of-selfconsciousness style. A young man daydreaming on a cliff sees a foot on the beach below:

> Heart goes thumping suddenly under the shirt-button. (Looks like a foot. Like a human foot.) Can't be anything really but the heart goes pounding on unreasoned. Long thin shape on the sand on the boulder's bay-side. Long thin shape. (It's a foot.) Illusion, must be; been here for hours and nobody about. It's the awkward shape of the mass of a clustering boulder, not round like the rest

but same family, same geological structure, born in the same ice-age like they all were. (It's a human bloody foot.)

Well, so all right, it's a foot, and we're already on page 71. It's sixty pages later before he's down there at the bottom of the cliff and the story moves on to a terrible, but, unless I am of a necrophilic turn of mind, obvious end. The fusing of fantasy into reality, and then into fantasy-reality, is very well done, but the theme is too slight for such a wealth of circumspection.

The Holidays is one of a series of modern Yugoslav novels being put out by Lincolns-Prager. It's a piece of intricate thought-weaving, with vague masochistic undertones, tracking backwards and forwards from a concentration camp to the cakes and uncles of a childhood in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. The book is a bit wooden in parts, but, imitating the critic in Mr Peter Forster's *The Right People*, I would say that it is the best novel I have read this year about Serb business life in Belgrade from the end of the nineteenth century to the Second World War.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Round-up

China, Then and Now

A woman has often been at the centre of things in Chinese history, and one of the most charming was Sai-chin-hua whose story, *That Chinese Woman*, has been translated by Henry McAleavy (Allen & Unwin, 18s.). Brought up as a singing-girl in Soochow, she went to Berlin in 1887 as the thirteen-year-old wife of a Chinese diplomat and, walking one day in the Tiergarten, met a Prussian officer who fell in love with her. In 1900, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee was made C-in-C of the International Relief Force and although he reached Peking many weeks after the legations had been relieved it wasn't long before he was established in the deserted Imperial Palace and had renewed his friendship with the lovely Sai. Sleeping with the Field-Marshal in the Empress Dowager's great Dragon Bed, she turned her influence to political account during the peace talks, and by the time her lover went home she was rich enough to set up business in the smartest brothel in town. But things went wrong and Sai died in 1936, penniless in a Peking slum. It is an absorbing story.

Alan Winnington is a very lucky man. As Peking correspondent of the *Daily Worker* he is the only Englishman to have been into Tibet since the Red Army marched in ten years ago, and now, in *Slaves of the Cool Mountains* (Lawrence & Wishart, 25s.), he writes of a visit to some of the remotest tribal people in Yunnan, whom he sees as being released from an astonishing and brutal slave society into the freedom of Communism. From their age-old hatred of the Han-Chinese the tribesmen have changed to a tremendous open-arm welcome, and a less expert apologist would describe the switch more clumsily. The book is full of information and good stories about these fascinating people, in both the old order and the new.

Averil Mackenzie-Grieve's *A Race of Green Ginger* (Putnam, 21s.) and G. R. G. Worcester's *The Junkman Smiles* (Chatto & Windus, 21s.), are both the memoirs of old China hands. These reminiscences turn out to be very much more readable than one would expect, perhaps because the authors, living so long in China, became infected by something of the charm, tolerance and sensitivity of its people. Miss Mackenzie-Grieve

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JOHN MURRAY

gives a gentle picture of life in the doomed enclave of foreigners in the crumbling China of the nineteen-twenties, a world that was at times gay, grotesque and tragic, and that was even then beginning to vanish. Mr Worcester, who was for thirty years in the Chinese customs and is an expert on junks and sampans, gives a more boisterous account of the happy rascals he met during his career and the millions of people who live along China's coasts and waterways. Fortunately none of the people in the story resemble the embarrassing Johnny Chinaman characters in the author's drawings.

N. W.

Tops and Poles

George Lowe covers the ground at a spanking rate in *Because it is There* (Cassell, 21s.): New Zealand, Garhwal, Cho Oyu, Everest, Makalu and the Antarctic crossing. Taking for granted we know the main outline of his big adventures, he gives us the personal incident and judgment, now and then pausing for a long, shrewd look at his companions. Good and new are his diary-letter of the final days on Everest; the pages from his Shackleton Base diary; his summing-up of the Hillary-Fuchs difference; and his appraisal of Hillary, Hunt and Fuchs as leaders. The public, he thinks, has got its image of the last two all wrong: Fuchs, the civilian, was the autocrat and martinet; Hunt, the soldier, the humane and feeling leader. Mike Banks, a Marine who (after a first shot with a small party in 1956) last year led the successful Services expedition to *Rakaposhi* (Secker & Warburg, 25s.), also thinks people get wrong ideas about the Services. There was no Prussianism in his party of British and Pakistani officers: everyone helped to make the plans and shared the responsibilities; but there was hard thinking and organisation behind the fixed ropes and camps established up the mountain's long south-west ridge. The literary penalty of his striking success is a lack of dramatic events to write up: this breezy book is average expedition narrative.

Mountain struggles of another sort echo through Ronald Clark's *An Eccentric in the Alps* (Museum, 25s.), the entertaining biography of the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, an expatriate American who became a Fellow of Magdalen, an Alpinist of distinction, and an Alpine controversialist second to none; 'Nobody was in Coolidge's class as a manufacturer of unnecessary quarrels,' says Arnold Lunn in a foreword. The early chapters about his climbs with his aunt and his dog, about his opening-up of the Dauphiné in the Seventies, will mainly interest mountaineers: but the later stories of his disagreements with Whymper and other Alpine Club worthies, usually on the most trivial grounds, throw an odd light on the aggressiveness and tensions under the skin of the late Victorian gentleman.

J. A. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,554 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to provide an extract from the book of words of a pantomime for an Intellectual Child. A lyric could be included. Limit, 25 lines (counting 8 words of prose to the line). Entries by *Monday*, 14 December.

Result of No. 1,551 **Set by Hilbrian**

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?

asked Cowper. The usual prizes are offered for a rhymed answer to this question (limit 14 lines).

Report

Solitude and silence, it seems, for in few of the entries did that shy nymph speak for herself; and when she did it was from some curious places. Hazel Archard's reply came from a bath, K. M. Allan's from a rural jakes and H. A. L.'s (I think) from his own navel. Anon needed only a quatrain:

Friend, to the bargain basement pass:
Solitude's cheap beneath the grass.
My charms are for the rich, not you.
A dusty answer, dear, but true.

After much (solitary) musing I am unable to separate the entries that follow; one and a half guineas to each of them, with half a guinea as consolation to Anon (address please!). Runners-up: G. J. Blundell, Martin Fagg, Allan M. Laing, C. W. V. Wordsworth, H. A. C. Evans, Little Billee, Jeremiah Sowerby, Douglas Hawson.

Why, Cowper, it's perfectly plain
You flourished B.T. (Before Telly),
Your nerves weren't a-tingle with jingle on jingle
For birdseed, detergents and jelly.

Were you here you would long to escape
The madding crowd's cretinous cluck,
The comings and goings of Viscounts and Boeings,
And decibels running amuck.

The crazy subtopian mess,
—The snarl-up of traffic congestion,
Could you now follow Crusoe you'd instantly do so;
Well, Cowper—that answer your question?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Though Selkirk was a trifle rude
About the charms of Solitude
It still, in fact, contrives to please
A coterie of devotees.
All ghosties, ghouls and lang-leg beasts
In solitude have midnight feasts,
while owls grow mopey and complain
Should one molest their lonely reign,
Famed Lucy Gray on uplands airy
Was (Wordsworth tells us) solitary.
Lone Ranger, Star, Hand, Wolf and Pine
In praise of Solitude combine,
So if you do not like it—you
Remember there are Those Who Do.

NANCY GUNTER

In reply to this highly rhetorical quiz, as found in Wm. Cowper, His Works,
I would say that the answer depends where one is, and also, of course, on the circs.
A hermit might claim that a call from above had denied him the secular whirl;
Far other the reason of bloke crossed in love who goes out to shoot lion *tout seul*.
A birdman will crouch in a hide or a base for weeks till his quarry appears;
A misogynist, too, dwells apart—in his case it's because of his nasty ideas.
Researchers in science, atomical gents, and likewise all crooks on the run,
Are plighted to solitude, and their intents are to rule in a kingdom of one.
For myself, I should list the above-mentioned charms as detachment and freedom and poise,
Remote from the nerverack, the shocks and alarms of this era of progress—and noise.
From other folks' radio, cats in the night and other concomitant ills
Attendant on civilised living—the blight of all motor-bikes, jet planes and drills.
Not through bearing a chip on my shoulder so much as desiring that happy release
To invest in an eyot an eyrie or such, and do competitions in peace.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Do you mean that my visage alarms,
Or can't you discover my place?

It is I who say 'They shall not pass'
To clamours and claims of mankind;
But my face is the one in the glass,
And yourself is the most you can find.

I give you the void you may fill
With treasures and sweets of your own,
The delectable chance to be still,
Or the terrible fate of the lone.

And my place? Why, wherever you are
I lurk in the minutes between;
I'll be suddenly there in your car,
While you wait for the lights to go green.

D. M. PULSFORD

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The Chess Board

No. 525. He Won the Shortest Game

I am not, of course, alluding to the sort of 'fool's mate' that can be achieved in either two or three moves, but to a proper match game (and a properly famous one, too) won by Lazard in 1924 at the *Café de la Régence*, in Paris. (1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-Q2, P-K4; (3) PxP, Kt-Kt5; (4) P-KR3??, Kt-K6! and Gibaud, loth to lose either K or Q, duly resigned. Fred Lazard died just about ten years ago at the untimely age of 66, and that might be as good a pretext as any to remember him as one of the few who combined mastery over the board with even greater fame as a study composer. As a player, Lazard was conspicuous for dashing little games, such as this one in which (at Nice, 1925) he triumphantly upheld the somewhat dubious Fritz-variation of the Two Knights' against Gaudin.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-Kt5, P-Q4; (5) PxP, Kt-Q5; (6) Kt-QB3? (P-QB3!), P-KR3; (7) KKt-K4, KtxKt; (8) KtxKt, Q-R5; (9) P-Q3, B-Kt5; (10) Q-Q2, B-B6!; (11) B-Kt5 ch, P-B3; (12) PxP, O-O-O; (13) PxP ch, K-Kt1; (14) B-R6, BxP, and White resigned since (15) Q-B3 would fail against . . . B-Kt5; (16) QxB, KtxP ch, etc.

Now here's one of the many neat stalemate studies Lazard has left us. /8/pp1pppp1/3p2p1/PP2P1P1/K1P4P/8/k7/8/. (1) P-R5!, PxRP (best); (2) P-KKt6, PxKtP; (3) P-K6, PxP; (4) P-B5, PxP; (5) P-R6, PxP; (6) P-Kt6, etc.

Significant for Lazard's ingenuity in giving Black a seemingly decisive resource yet to be outwitted, are these prize-winners of 1912 and 1909 respectively. /8/1R6/1p5r/4K3/6k1/8/2pP4/8/. White forces the draw by (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-B6; (2) R-QB7, R-R4 ch.; (3) K-Q4, R-QB4!; (4) RxR, PxR ch; (5) K-Q3!, etc. And now this one, also a draw: /B7/8/P7/p7/8/K1p5/2k1r3/8/. (1) P-R7, R-K1; (2) B-B6, R-KB1; (3) P=Q, RxQ; (4) BxR, K-Q6; (5) K-Kt3, P-R5 ch; (6) K-R2!, P-B7; (7) B-K4 ch, KxB; (8) K-Kt2, K-Q6; (9) K-B1, etc.

One of Lazard's wittiest efforts in 'outwitting', remarkable too for its utmost economy of material, is this prize-winner of 1911. /1r6/4P1P1/8/7k/8/7Kt/8/4K3/. White wins by (1) Kt-B4 ch, K-R3; (2) Kt-K6, R-K1; (3) P=Q, RxQ; (4) Kt-B8. Now Black has what looks like the perfect riposte by playing . . . R-Kt4, ensuring the draw by . . . R-K4 ch if White queens his P. But he doesn't. He outwits his opponent by (5) Kt-Kt6!!, and now Black is helpless. Finally, a prize-winner of 1901 composed by Lazard at the age of 18. /Q7/16/7P/4K3/8/3ppp2/7k/. White wins by (1) K-B3!, BP=Q ch; (2) K-Kt3 ch, K-Kt8; (3) Q-QR7 ch, K-R8; (4) Q-QKt7 ch, K-Kt8; (5) Q-QKt6 ch, K-R8; (6) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt8; (7) Q-B5 ch, K-R8; (8) Q-Q5 ch, K-Kt8; (9) Q-Q4 ch, K-R8; (10) Q-KR4 ch, etc. The variations arising from (1) . . . K-Kt8 or from (1) . . . K-R7 are simple enough for readers to work them out themselves.

The 4-pointer is a most instructive little study composed by Lazard when still a schoolboy. I will facilitate it for our beginners by the useful hint that White must think of the proper kind of 'discovered' checks so as first to mask and then to win the Black QKtP and thus to have his chance of winning the Q too. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both draws, and very pretty, too.

A: Fred Lazard 1901

Usual prizes. Entries by 14 December.

B: F. Lazard, 1912: /KB6/1PRp2P1/k7/r7/16/6rp/8/.

C: F. Lazard, 1913: /kb2B3/1p3R2/4p2p/2P5/P1Kp4/6pp/16/.

REPORT on No. 522. Set 14 November

A: . . . QxP ch, forces mate.
B: (1) R-Kt1 ch, K-B1; (2) Kt-Q7 ch, RxKt; (3) R-K8 ch, KxR; (4) R-Kt8 mate.
C: (1) B-Q6! (B-B5?), R-R8 ch (best); (2) B-R2!!, RxB ch; (3) K-Kt3, R-R8; (4) K-B2! (K-Kt2?? being refuted by . . . R-R5) R-R7 ch; (5) K-B3 and White will win the P before proceeding to Kt2 via B4 and B3.

C not so easy, even so plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. G. Harman (Junior), B. Katz (one of our Israeli competitors), N. M. Kennedy, C. Sansom.

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City Lights

War For Jenkins' Ear

It was no accident that Mr Maudling found himself able to announce the chairman and the terms of reference of the committee which is to inquire into financial legislation on the same day that Mr Amory found himself obliged politely to reject most of the few positive recommendations put forward by the Radcliffe Committee. The Radcliffe Committee, of course, chose to put its money on a general, gradual influence upon the climate of financial opinion – wisely, since no Tory government, hot from the polls, could be expected to adopt suggestions both specific and controversial. But Mr Amory's polite relegation of its report to the upper shelves will serve as a reminder: however badly something needs doing, however well-manned the committee set up to examine the problem and however loose its terms of reference, the eventual result may prove disappointing. It would be a mistake to give the Jenkins Committee more than two cheers for the moment, even though the Tory backbenchers are all for it and even though there are no interests in the City anxious to oppose its conclusions in advance which are also likely to carry much political weight in present circumstances.

The new committee, however, has been given the most temptingly wide terms of reference. It is not merely that it has been asked to look into the Prevention of Fraud Act as well as the Companies Act, an anticipated request necessary if it is to examine the adequacy of present controls over many smaller cogs in the financial machines on the subject of the Companies Act itself, it has been specifically asked to look into the duties of directors and the rights of shareholders in the light of modern practice and conditions. The rights and duties of these people, not only to one another but to the company, its creditors, customers and workers, are the foundation on which the whole structure of company law has been erected, and it is to faulty foundations that most of the present cracks and loopholes in the building are due; the committee has been asked – if it chooses to take the request literally – to review the whole legal conception of a corporate enterprise in the light of modern conditions and ideas and to suggest what changes it thinks fit. There is scope here for a major social as well as for a major legal reform.

The Committee has been incidentally asked to include take-over bids in its agenda, a request bound to annoy those bodies, from the City Grandchildren to the Institute of Directors, which have been rapidly drawing up codes of established practice in the attempt to ensure that the politicians don't meddle – it is a pity, perhaps, that the Committee has not been specifically asked to report on the effects of restrictive practice legislation. All kinds of people are now beginning to move into new prepared positions. Allied Bakeries, for example, Mr Garfield Weston's bakery combine, has this week joined the ranks, still select, of those companies which have chosen voluntarily to enfranchise their non-voting (or less-voting) shareholders. The chairman of the Finance Houses Association, the trade association of the big HP finance houses, has belatedly issued a warning about the dangers inherent in higher-than-average interest rates and declared that the FHA is considering a New Year publicity campaign – the government's hint that it may introduce legislation, even in advance of the report of the Jenkins Committee, to regulate firms which invite deposits from the public, has evidently come as more of a surprise than one would have supposed.

* * *

It is natural enough for the bullion merchants to wish to expand the market for gold, even though an international battery of controls serves as a reminder of the fact that hoarding is now a dirty word and that the universal lust for gold is now a tragic rather than a comic fact of international finance. A couple of groups, scenting the fact that gold has now come nearer to its old-world own with the vulnerability of the dollar, set up schemes some time ago which would provide those few people whose governments allow them to deal in gold (mainly funky Americans) to deal in handy gold certificates instead; the South African government helped by offering to sell bricks to any private person (outside the sterling area, of course) who would pay more than the current London price. This week, however, a new scheme has been launched in a blaze of publicity, sponsored by a group of South African businessmen, backed by the South African Reserve Bank and by Johnson Matthey (a bullion dealer and refiner which found itself left out), but offering nothing very much different from the others. There is room to be surprised at the misplaced advertising energy spent on launching a gimmick which is both stale and which, though of no great interest at the moment, could be of dangerous interest in a world-wide currency crisis. There is even more room to be surprised at the sort of publicity with which it was launched: 'ordinary men and women' will be able to hold gold, 'small investors' will be interested; 'deep-rooted in human consciousness is the belief that because money means wealth it must consist of a substance that is itself valuable . . . the confidence of the man in the street in the paper money he handles is encouraged by the knowledge that the issuing bank keeps reserves of gold in its vaults'; 'many experts consider that the aim of every government should be to have its currency covered to the greatest extent possible by gold . . . and should divest themselves of their responsibility of selling foreign exchange at fixed prices'; 'history proves that currencies are usually devalued at weekends'; 'an increase in the price of gold is inevitable'; 'the international barriers . . . are crumbling'; and, finally, 'the ordinary people of the world don't understand the intricacies of international finance'. Mr Per Jacobsson, as well as Sir Oliver Franks, would now join in a boycott of South African gold, had not Grandma, in her wise way, already made it unnecessary.

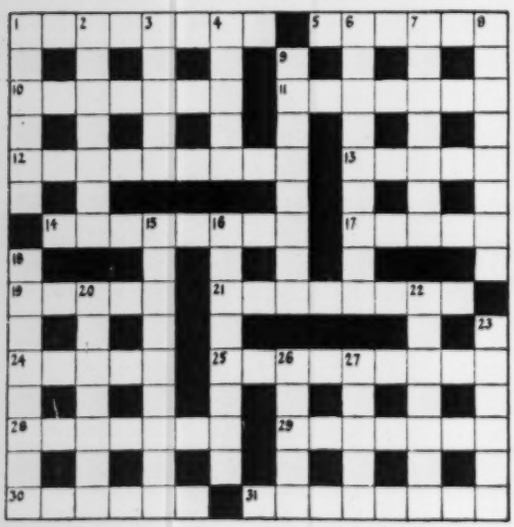
Company News

The Czechs, in mysterious anticipation of the coming trade talks, are defaulting on one bond after another . . . another local authority, *West Bromwich*, is coming to the market while the going is still arguable . . . *Hawker-Siddeley – Canada* was expected to be bad – has done better at home than the pessimists feared . . . *Power-Gas* and *Davy-United*, two steel, chemical and gas capital goods firms, are thinking of merging . . . *Shell* seems to be doing a little better, but the market is still governed by pension funds selling on the sharp fall in the net UK rate of tax.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword 382

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 382, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 15 Dec.



ACROSS

1. A bird whether it has to call in or not (8).
5. A punishment for fishing vessels (6).
10. Place for the relative in weight (7).
11. Gallantry I perform behind the foliage (7).
12. Turned pale although there is nothing unpunctual in the turn of the tide (9).
13. The poet is finished with retrogressive work (5).
14. Fantastic and strange crime after a letter (8).
17. Wildfire of literature (5).
19. Literary uncle with a bird at heart (5).
21. Anti-intellectual beauty? (8).
24. Traditional teaching for the turn of the year (5).
25. City which may make James rule (9).
28. Vehicles started by an insect (7).
29. Drugs I took during flying duties (7).
30. Saying after a fight for a city (6).
31. Possibly no harm at scene of battle (8).

DOWN

1. A strip of cloth placed on a pile of sand (6).
2. Making a show of propriety, like the insurance over the pottery (7).
3. Place of birth (5).
4. Something from Christian nations paid to the Pope (5).
6. Writer who puts the two sides in industry (9).
7. A high honour rests on an ancient poem for a very long time (7).
8. Even discussion in an outhouse (8).
9. The fiend has no call and I prepare to deal the next hand (8).
15. The lass I mean is transformed into an empress (9).
16. Study the righteous and make a fresh regulation (8).
18. The military thing has to thwart the civil (8).
20. Bossy person who puts years on her husband? (7).
22. Open at lunch perhaps (7).
23. Critic who starts with an analysis of poems (6).
26. Name for a hidden hoard (5).
27. Bandage for a star (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 380

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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Applications are invited from persons under the age of 45 years and possessing Wide Case Work experience for the undermentioned posts—

1. SENIOR VISITOR
Preference being given to persons holding the SRN Certificate. Salary for person holding such qualification to be within the scale of £610 p.a. to £765 p.a. plus London Weighting (at present £30 p.a.). Commencing at £650. In event of person appointed not holding the SRN Certificate the salary to be fixed at £650 p.a.

2. ASSISTANT VISITOR
Preferably with nursing experience. Salary to be £500 p.a. rising by two increments to £550 p.a.

Knowledge of functions of Statutory bodies and experience in dealing with old people essential. Able to drive a car and possessing a licence also an advantage. A one-roomed letting (Bed-sitting room, kitchen and bathroom) on a block of 20 such dwellings for old people at present in the course of construction will be available free of charge to one of the above persons should she so desire.

Forms of application, and conditions of appointment will be sent on application to the:—
Secretary,
Old People's Welfare Committee,
Town Hall,
Bethnal Green,
London, E2.
Closing date for receipt of applications 16 December 1959.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worth-while career for men and women in an expanding service. One-year courses are provided at the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Southampton, and the London School of Economics. Men and women with University qualifications in social science are eligible to be considered for all courses. Qualified teachers, health visitors, and graduates in other subjects, with experience of social service are also invited to apply. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting in October 1960 candidates should apply now, and in any case not later than 31 January 1960. Write to the Central Training Council in Child Care (AS), Room 518, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

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THE Queen's University of Belfast. The Senate of The Queen's University of Belfast invites applications for a Lectureship or an Assistant Lectureship in Social Studies from 1 April, 1960, or such other date as may be arranged. Salary for Lecturer, £900 by £50 to £1,300 and thereafter by £75 to £1,650; salary for Assistant Lecturer, £700 by £50 to £850, both plus FSSU. Initial placing on the scale will depend on experience and qualifications. Candidates should be qualified to teach Social Administration, but ability to teach Public Administration also would be a desirable additional qualification. Applns should be received by 11 Jan., 1960. Further particulars may be obtained from G. R. Cowie, MA, LLB, JP, Secretary.

LONDON County Council, Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce. Required as soon as possible Assistant (Grade 'A') to teach typewriting and commerce; should have had suitable commercial or teaching experience. Burnham (FE) Salary scale (Men) £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London Allowance £38 or £51; possible additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Slightly lower scale for women until 1961. Application forms from Secretary at College, Princeton Street, WC1, to be returned within 14 days of advertisement date. (2597.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should hold an honours or post-graduate degree in Modern History and possess an interest in research. The position is open to candidates in any major modern field but it will be an advantage to have specialised in European and/or British History. Salary £A1,540/£2,040 p.a. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 January 1960.

UNIVERSITY Women's College, University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Principal of University Women's College, an undenominational affiliated college of the University of Melbourne. The Principal will be responsible for the administration of the College and the academic and general welfare of the students of whom there are 130 in residence. The commencing salary will be within the range of and at the rate of £A1,600 to £1,800 per annum according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. In addition full board and furnished quarters are provided. A full statement of duties, conditions of appointment, superannuation and information as to the method of application, should be obtained from the Secretary, University Women's College, College Crescent, Parkville, N2, Victoria, Australia; the Registrar, University of Melbourne, Parkville, N2, Victoria, Australia; or the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 January 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time posts of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology, General Sociology or Industrial Sociology and should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are vacancies in both Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) and Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £700 to £850 per annum; Grade III – £600 to £650 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 18 December 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. As the result of a grant from the Nuffield Foundation the Department of Social Anthropology and Sociology plans to carry out a study of a Lancashire town, and applications are invited for a Research Fellow, initial salary within the range £800 – £1,000 per annum, the appointment to be for two years from a date to be arranged. Applicants should have training in Sociology or Social Anthropology and field experience in one of these subjects. The successful candidate will be required to carry out a study of a section of the working-class population of the town. The appointment carries membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applicstions should be returned by not later than 18 December 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the posts of Lecturer in Social Anthropology and Lecturer in Rural Sociology in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than 12 December, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CRANBORNE Chase School. Applications are invited for the following posts in September 1960. i. An experienced History Graduate to take charge of the subject throughout the School up to and including University Scholarship and Entrance work. ii. A fully qualified Teacher of Biology to take charge of the subject throughout the School up to and including University Scholarship and Entrance work. Apply to the Headmistress, Cranborne Chase School, Crichel, Wimborne, Dorset. As from September 1960 the address of the School will be Wardour Castle, Tisbury, Wiltshire (between Salisbury and Shaftesbury).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOME Office: Children's Inspector. At least two pensionable posts for men or women at least 28 on 1.10.59 with wide experience of social conditions. An understanding of behaviour problems of children and young people is essential and a University degree or appropriate diploma or certificate, or recognised training in social or educational work an advantage. National salary scale (men): £1,265–£1,580. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for applicn form quoting 5065/59. Closing date 16 December 1959.

LONDON County Council. Inspector of Child Care. Inspector of Child Care required in the Children's Department. The Inspectors (under the direction of the Chief Inspector) work as a team whose function is a vital professional and advisory one covering all aspects of child care. The raising and maintaining of high standards in the department's programme of case work development both in children's homes and in the field is, therefore, their prime concern. Candidates should have appropriate academic qualifications and must have wide and varied experience of child care work in a large organisation, statutory or voluntary. £1,295 – £1,535 plus allowance of £125 throughout. Application forms from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/2492), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 14 December 1959.

SALOP County Council. Mental Health Service. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker to work in the Local Health Authority's community mental health service, in close liaison with the hospital service. Whitley Council Salary scale – £610–£845. Travelling and subsistence allowance. Forms of application and conditions of appointment from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

ST BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Art Therapist required. Salary £420 p.a. × £15 p.a. to £600, plus London Weighting. Candidates should possess the patience and understanding necessary to enable patients to express themselves in some art form. Permanent and pensionable. Subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of exper. or training, with copies 3 testimonials to be sent to Physician Superintendent.

CHILDREN'S Home, Manor Lodge, Slough. Married couple required to take charge of children's home for 18 school-age children. Salaries: housefather £470-£550, housemother £420-£520 less £120 for board and lodging in each case plus allowances which apply. Posts are superannuable and appointment subject to medical examination. Full particulars and forms of application, which should be returned by 8 December, may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 18 Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker with experience of mental deficiency practice required for Fountain Hospital (600 beds) and its ancillary units. Clerical assistance provided. Salary scale for qualified PSW at age 27, £610 p.a., rising to £845 plus London Weighting. Applications, with full particulars of training and experience and names and addresses of two referees, to be sent to Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, SW17.

CANE Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker (third). The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council 'A' for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist, male or female, required at the Ingrebourne Centre, St George's Hospital, Hornchurch. This Neurosis Unit provides treatment for about 200 patients as out-patients, day-patients and in-patients (20 beds). Qualifications, salary and conditions of service in accordance with appropriate Whitley Council agreement. Applications, with names of two referees, to Group Secretary, Romford HMC, Oldchurch Hospital, Romford. Further details from Hospital Secretary, Tel.: Hornchurch 43531.

EXPERIENCED highly qualified language teacher required for full-time appointment in London College. Box 778.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

HOUSEMOTHER required as first assistant to Warden and Matron (married couple) of reception and assessment centre for 20 children aged 2-15 years at Blackheath, London, SE3.

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Salary £555–£595 per annum, plus £30 per annum for Home Office Certificate, less a deduction of £134 14s. per annum for board, lodging, etc.

Details and application form from:—Children's Officer, (SEDO/2609) County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11 plus to 16 plus)—qualified masters required for (a) Chemistry (graded post, allowance £150); and (b) Woodwork. Burnham P. & S. salary scale £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London allowance £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary, at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 16 December. (2594.)

DAME Alice Owen's Girls' School, London, EC1. The Governors of Dame Alice Owen's Schools invite applications for the post of Headmistress of the Girls' School, which will become vacant on 1 September 1960 owing to the retirement of the present Headmistress. The School is a Voluntary Aided Grammar School, the rebuilding of which on its present site is scheduled to start during 1960. There are approximately 340 girls on the roll, including about 35 in the Sixth Forms. The salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale, with the Head Teacher Allowance in Group 10. Further details of the appointment and form of application may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors, The Brewers' Company, 18 Mansfield Street, Portland Place, W1. A stamped addressed envelope must accompany the request for the form. Applications must be returned to the Clerk to the Governors not later than Monday 28 December 1959.

TEACHERS of English to Foreigners required, full or part-time. Good salaries for permanent staff. Write St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1.

WEST Park Hospital, Epsom, Surrey. Applications are invited for one post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and two posts of Psychiatric Social Worker in an expanding department. The establishment has been increased from two to four Psychiatric Social Workers, one being in the senior grade. The hospital accommodates more than 2,000 patients from Lambeth, Mitcham and Wandsworth. Out-patient clinics are held at Lambeth Hospital, St John's Hospital, Battersea, and the Wilson Hospital, Mitcham. In addition the Consultant Psychiatrists are engaged in a growing domiciliary service. The hospital has embarked on a forward looking scheme of rehabilitation and it is hoped that eventually it will be recommended as a hospital for training Psychiatric Social Workers. The salaries and conditions of service are subject to Whitley Council agreement and the appointment is subject to the NHS (Superannuation) Regulations including medical examination. The hospital may be visited at any time by appointment with the Group Secretary, who will be glad to provide any further information.

CHILD Care. Housefather (single) and Housemother (single) (suitable Married Couple could have joint appointment) reqd as deputies to warden and matron at 'Mythe House', Goose Lane, Mayford, Nr Woking, Surrey, a special home for 14 boys 11-15 yrs presenting behaviour problems resulting from emotional disturbances. Expce in residential care of deprived or maladjusted adolescents necessary. Preference given to possessors of approved quals. Housefather should be able to encourage boys in spare time hobbies, interests and games. Housemother required to assist in domestic management of house. Comf. furn. quarters. Housefather £555 × £20 – £595. Housemother £525 × £15 £555 comm. accdg to quals and expce, both less £134 14s. for board, etc. Four wks annual leave incl. Bank Hols. Applin form and further particulars from Children's Officer (CH/WDO/2575), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

FAMILY Caseworker required (woman). Social Science certificate or relevant qualifications and experience. Salary A/PCW scale. Application, giving full details and names of two referees, to Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

MALE, female or married couple reqd as Personal Assistant(s) for Children's Holiday Home & Hostel. Exceptional opportunity for person genuinely interested in Administration, Child Care & work requiring high level of responsibility. General interest in out-of-school activities, including farming, swimming, sailing & a real understanding of children's needs essent. Good accom. & salary. Details & refs to Sailaway Children's Community, Bosham, Chichester, Sx.

WARDEN required for Victoria Boys' and Girls' Clubs. Good organiser and administrator. Must have ideas and ability for development of major experiment in youth work. Personality suited to guide and assist large and active team of voluntary managers. Salary £1,500 per annum, with regular increments and pension scheme. Applicant must be Jewish. Write, stating age and quals, to R. A. E. Franklin, 31 Throgmorton St. EC2.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist required for The Dolly Ross Holiday Home for the Blind, Braemar Royal, Grand Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Please apply to Matron.

SOCIAL worker offered interesting part-time paid post as organiser visiting service, etc. for Old People's Welfare Association. Particulars from 8 Malden Road New Malden, Surrey.

RESPONSIBLE girl or housekeeper for congenial North American family, Oslo area. Cooking, care of children. Kaplan, Tanumvn 102, Sandvika, Norway.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 822

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.821

UNIVERSITY graduate (male) will be required early in 1960 by the Dulverton Trust to undertake a new project among undergraduates in certain southern Universities with the purpose of interesting them in practical voluntary service with Youth organisations in the place of their eventual employment. Candidates, who need not necessarily have previous experience of Youth organisations, should preferably be between 23 and 35. The initial salary will be between £900 and £1,100 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Travelling and out-of-pocket expenses will be paid, and an office and secretarial assistance provided. It is at present envisaged that the appointment will terminate at the end of the academic year 1962/63. Applications, giving full details of age, education and experience, and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Secretary, The Dulverton Trust, Millbank House, 2 Great Peter Street, London, SW1, not later than 18 December, 1959.

RESEARCH Assistant wanted for the Budget Department of Welfare Organisation Headquarters, Geneva. University degree (Economics, Statistics or Business Administration). Preferable age: 25 to 35. Single. The work largely involves recording, reviewing financial and statistical data, and analysis of budgetary requirements. Excellent salary and working conditions. Please apply, sending curriculum vitæ, photo (snap) and testimonials, to: Personnel Manager, American Joint Distribution Committee, 64 Rue du Stand, Geneva, Switzerland.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. (Co-educational; Boarding and Day; 400 pupils ages 3 to 19 (Senior School 280) and a full teaching staff of 40 men and women.) The Headmaster invites applications for the following posts. Personal qualities and the enthusiasm, idealism and strength to devote oneself wholeheartedly to the life of the school in term-time are even more important than other qualifications. There is always scope for initiative and development. A pamphlet about the school is sent on request. Burnham Scale; Government Superannuation. (1) From January or April 1960 Senior School Woodwork Master. At present 8 pupils per class; workshop extensions are planned to increase classes to 12. In September 1960 a House will fall vacant (boys and girls age 12/13) and for a married couple the house-parentship could then be combined with the Woodwork post. (2) From September 1960 Junior School Mistress to take the 8/9 year olds. Nature Study would be a useful special subject.

YWCA Club for HM Forces & families in Germany requires (early 1960) expd Welfare Workers with knowledge of Catering & the organisation of activities. Social Science Diploma an asset. Residential post, travel & uniform provided. Write Secretary, YWCA Services, 108 Baker St, W1.

ENERGETIC, lively woman wanted to organise informal social and educational activities for women, especially in new housing areas. Please write for further information to: General Sec., Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester 14.

AN EDUCATED young woman is required for an interesting and responsible job. She must be able to work some of the time on her own, have an interest in journalism, and be prepared to learn. Typing is essential and shorthand desirable. There is an untouched field ahead of the right person. Write Box No. 1072, Smiths', 296 High Holborn, London, WC1.

WARDEN (Residential) for small college. Well-educated, versatile, resourceful woman for miscellaneous duties. Pleasant surroundings. Adequate salary. Apply Secretary, The Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey.

AN ECONOMIST is required by a London firm to fill a senior post undertaking research into commodity trends and market organisation. The candidate should be a graduate with a qualification in economics and should have had several years experience of research into commodities, preferably including commercial experience. Write Box 624.

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Why not spend part of your summer vac. leading a group of young people on a week's walking or cycling tour Youth Hostelling in this country. If you have humour and an understanding of the needs of young teenagers and are really interested in this satisfying job, apply in writing to Home Tours Department, N/S, Youth Hostels Association, St Albans, Herts.

ASSISTANT to Research Officer: typing essential, shorthand an asset. Must be able to handle figures; experience of economic and statistical research an advantage. Salary, according to age and experience, on the scale £542 to £694 p.a. 5-day week and generous leave arrangements. Applications to General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, SW1.

WORK in America! We have highly-paid vacancies with private families in lovely homes in NY, Sunny California and elsewhere for reliable Domestic girls. Write for details now to London's leading Domestic Agency. Burnett Bureau Ltd, 77 Dean St, W1.

ARTISTIC lady or gentleman offered part-time occupation as agent in own area for sale of reproduction pictures by remarkable new process. Some selling experience desirable. Box 566.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A YOUNG graduate holding a good degree in economics or statistics is required by a London Merchant House to prepare commodity reports analysing price trends and market organisation. Previous experience is not essential but the candidate must be a man of ability who is interested in making a study of commodity markets. Write Box 625.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL organisation, Kensington, requires experienced secretary/book-keeper, married or single. Salary £525-£600 p.a., according to qualifications. Tel. FREmantle 3932.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires an Office Assistant for its Designers' Record. Age 25-35. Good general education; relevant office experience; quick and accurate typing; and interest in art and design desirable. Starting salary £10 12s. at 26 or older. Annual increments. Hours 9.10 to 5.25. One Saturday morning in five, 3½ weeks' paid leave. Pension scheme. Write details of age, education and posts held with dates, to the Establishment Officer (quoting NS/62), 28 Haymarket, SW1. TRA. 8000.

SECRETARY required by Social Research Group at University College, London. Responsible work. High speeds necessary. Good holidays. Salary £520-£620 approx. per annum, according to qualifications. Please write, stating age and experience, to Box 720.

TRADE Union Solicitor requires (a) experienced litigation clerk, admitted or unadmitted; (b) young progressive, to train as litigation clerk. Box 821.

SEC. S/T, 30-40, pleas. & responsible for prof. firm, Strand. Sal. £12-£14. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

WELL-educated assistant (female) 18-25 required for Economic & Research Department in offices of Trade Union. Interesting work. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary and conditions. 5-day week. Staff canteen and Superannuation. Please reply in writing to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 222 Euston Road, London, NW1.

JUNIOR secretarial position in Quaker Committee. Write or phone The Secretary, Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. EUS. 3601.

ANTIQUE Dealer, Mayfair, requires Secretary. English and German correspondence. Some knowledge French desirable. 5-day week. Box 844.

INCLUSIVE tours organisation requires immediately top class secretary, 25/45. Pref. experienced travel business. Sal. £10 plus bonus. Socialist preferred. Box 890.

ASSISTANT (woman) urgently reqd by national charity. Good typing, some shorthand, reasonable knowledge figures. Age up to 55. Ring EUSton 1389, 9.30-5.30.

COOK/housekeeper; capable run sm. home NW Lon. Father, son 10 yrs. Consider mother with child approx. age. Box 796.

PROVOCATIVE publishers, loveable lawyers, delicious directors – all want staff from the Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn. HOL. 0390 (next to Gamages).

THE Kingsway Agency. Employers phone vacancies to HOL. 4566. Office and Sales Staff call at 7 Gt Queen St, Kingsway. Free and friendly service.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SRN, SCM, exasperated by hospital petty authority, sks employment Oxford where initiative & responsibility apprec. Box 689.

YOUNG woman will help in garden or nursery - Windsor/Maidenhead. Box 603.

GERMAN girl seeks part-time domestic job in London. Wishes to bring own upright piano. C. Distler, HAM. 0647.

NSM, 22 ex-Pub. Sch., demob. Jan., sks interesting, remunerative job. Box 747.

EX-TV Producer's sec. reqs interesting part-time wk. Own typewriter. Box 742.

EDUCATED widow requires amusing travel job anywhere for fare and pocket-money. Can drive and cook. Box 731

GERMAN teacher seeks full- or part-time post. Experienced all levels language & literature; also Latin to 'O'-level. Excellent references. Box 870.

FELLOWSHIP AND SCHOLARSHIP

BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1960 (15 March to 15 December). Amount of awards will depend on research proposed and circumstances of applicant. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Closing date for applications 10 January, 1960. Further information from the Secretary, British Institute of Archæology at Ankara, 16 Bryanston Street, London, W1.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

SCHOOLS—continued

JUNIOR House School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Day and boarding school has a few vacancies, weekly or termly boarders. Boys and Girls 5-11 years. Wide range of subjects – home atmosphere. Enquiries and visitors welcomed by Headmistress.

CREATIVE Education. Box Hill School, Mickleham, Surrey, Headmaster Roy McComish, DA (for past 8 years a Housemaster at Gordonstoun School), a co-educational Boarding and Day School for pupils from 7-18 years, has vacancies for boarders in January 1960. For prospectus please apply to the Headmaster.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

GARAGE, newly dec. divan-room, use bath, kit., frig. Tel., secretarial services avail. London, N11. Box 865.

BELSIZE Park. Attract. 1 room flatlets nr shops, tube & Heath. Single 3 gns, double 4 gns. Suit business friends. SWI. 3500.

PUTNEY Hill. Large furn. bed-sit., quiet house. New dec., bay win., h. & c., gas ring. 8 mins buses, tube £3 including electric light & bath. PUT. 3030.

DELIGHTFUL centrally heated bed-sitting room in modern house 4 mins Wembley Park Stn. Ring evngs/wk-ends ARNold 2669.

3 GNS. Pleasant room with breakfast & all amenities. Waterloo 10 mins. VAN. 5478.

CHELSEA. 2 single furnished bed-sitters. £2 7s. 6d. and £3 10s. Business girls only. FLA. 9000.

W6, nr River. On 2 yr lease 2 flrs pt-furn. Suit two. £24 monthly. RIVerside 4089.

CHRISTMAS in London? Large furn. flat NW3, 21 Dec.-4 Jan. Box 881.

W1. B/s. rm in bachelor's attract. flat, share k. & b. 3½ gns p.w. LAN. 1645.

SPARE bedrm with brkfast, bach. flat nr Baker St, for quiet person. Box 877.

FURN. b/s. & share large kit. with young journalist (m.), £2 wkly. MAC. 1910.

LARGE furn. room, own kit., bathroom, linen, etc. Suit couple. 4 gns. MAC. 1755.

HAPPY house offers delightful single room to business gentleman. Pt. ring SPE. 4892.

A VERY attractive single bed-sit. room, all amenities. 45s. TUDor 8844.

FURNISHED ground-floor flat, 2 rooms, kit., w.c., use bath, Highgate station. 5½ gns. TUD. 4037.

BLOOMSBURY. Rooms £2 10s. incig electricity, double £4. Box 838.

ENGINEER with flat wishes share with intelligent man. MAI. 9950. HUN. 2315 day.

DBLE. furn. b/sit., h. & c., ckg facs., over-lkg garden, Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

BED-sit. rm with bkfast & evg meal if desired. Modest rental for suitable tenant pref. away some week-ends. Tel. CHI. 9901 after 7 p.m. or write 20 Bolton Road, W4.

S/C. furn. bed-sit., kit., suitable for 1. Mod. rent, nice quiet house. LAD. 3031.

KENSINGTON. Pleasant bed-sit., with share private flat, lady only. Rent incl. heating. 3 gns. FLA. 5504 from 4 p.m.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

LARGE attractive room, next bathroom, cooking facils, warm house, only 3 mins Tube, single 50s., double 65s. HIL. 3751.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. interests. Lge single rm, Hampstead, £3. Also, nr Baker St, small 1 rm flatlet, £3 15s. HAM. 8109.

PERSONAL Accommodation Services Ltd set a high standard of letting efficiency in North-West London by inspecting all flats in NW London before acting as agents. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

CHARMING balcony b/s., mod. block, every con. Bfst optl. WC area. Box 700.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

COTTAGE, idyllic though primitive, secl. Kentish woods, dly reach London, to let Dec.-March. Sleeps 4-6, £3 p.w., possibility farm work in lieu part rent. Box 868.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SW7-SW3, sgle b/s or flatlet. Girl 20's stud.-teacher. Mod. rent. Box 816.

TWO poor girls seek Central s/c. furn. flat by 1 January. Box 891.

QUIET G.P.O. girl sks un/pt-furn. room, cheap, Russell Sq. area. Box 872.

UNIVERSITY lecturer (f) needs unf. or semi-f. accom. from 1 Jan. Preferably s/c., 2 or 3 rooms plus fair-sized kit., within 40 mins Aldwych. Miss Martin, 27 (b) Stanley Road, Oxford.

ARCHITECTURAL student (29) sks quiet accom. with ckg facs London. Box 810.

LONDON flat wanted for 10 days from 28 December by provincial professor, wife, children (boy 15, girl 10). Box 803.

ARCHITECTURAL student & wife require flatlet, Central London, max. £4, from Christmas. CHI. 7307.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

CAN anyone please help? Desperately reqd by young married couple. Child expected Jan. Unfurn./furn. accom. in London area, reasonable rent. Refs. supplied. Box 722.

YNG grad. (m) reqs rm, h.c., ckg, pref. c.h. H'std/H'gate max. 3 gns. Box 745.

ARCHITECT & designer wife want unfurnished flat in Central London for 2 years only. 3-4 rms, k. & b., at a realistic rent. No basement, no premium. Box 813.

AUSTRALIAN Academic, wife, children 15, 12, 10. Wants furn. hse/flat, 3-4 beds. Putney, Hampstead, St John's Wood or similar. March-Dec. Reply airmail R. S. Parker, P.O. Box 4, Canberra, Australia.

YOUNG prof. woman seeks unfurn. or ptly furn. accom. LIB. 2789 – WES. 3834.

MOBILE interviewer, usually home weekends only, needs flatlet or large unfurnished room, use bath. Good train service essential. Box 711.

GRADUATE couple & 3,000 books seek unf. flat, rooms, any district. Box 733.

UNFURNISHED room nr Kings X sought by teacher. Half Moon, Clare, Suffolk.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

HAMPSTEAD Heath, 5 room attic flat. Needs modernising. £3,250. Dent, 18 Rosecroft Ave, NW3. HAM. 7797.

FOOD AND DRINK

The New WINE BOOK 5s.
by House & Garden.

Whether you know a lot about wine or only a little, next to drinking it, reading about wine is the most delightful hobby, particularly if what you read is informative, well devised and contributed by people who know their subject. Just so is the new WINE BOOK, published by House & Garden. Connoisseurs expound on the various vintages, their heritage, advantages, and acceptance.

Raymond Postgate, Warner Allen, Harry Waugh and many others are among the famous contributors So before you buy another bottle of wine, buy the new WINE BOOK at your bookstall or newsagent – 5s.

– Incidentally, this would make a wonderful Christmas gift.

GREEK Restaurant, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

NEW Mural by Lyall Watson at the Chicken Bar, 42 High St, Hampstead (opp. Post Office), now open until 11.30 p.m. 'Chicken Maryland' and 'Chicken Paprika' acclaimed by customers best value in town.

RUDOLF, the Red-nosed Reindeer, would get that warm-all-over feeling with El Cid Amontillado Sherry. A wonderful wine – it glows with the remembrance of the hot Spanish sun!

WHERE TO STAY

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Open all the year round. Herne Bay 750.

SUSSEX. Lamb Hse, Chapel Hill, Lewes. 1773. Delightful rms, brkfst. Din. opt.

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. Small, warm hotel. Central heating, open fires in three lounges. Excellent chef & waiter summer & winter. Very reduced winter terms.

COTSWOLDS for Christmas. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley, Glos. Cen. htg, fires, 2 acres wooded parkland.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst. Robertsbridge. Sx Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Friendly weekends. A few vacancies for Christmas house party. Herne Bay 750.

CHRISTMAS Party at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. A few vacancies still available. Contact Manageress, Abinger 404.

CHRISTMAS in Paris. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. Recently modernised. English spoken. Cent. htg, h. & c. Comfortable accommodation. 550-850 frs nightly, 28 rue de la Montagne Ste Geneviève, Paris V. Metro: Maubert Mutualité.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 824

BRAZILIAN Portuguese. A part-time Course, sponsored by Brazilian Govt Trade Bureau, will commence 26 Jan, 1960. Further details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford St, W1.

FRENCH & German taught by bilingual university graduate (f), coaching for all examinations and interpreting. Box 814.

INDIVID. tuition & resid. crses by exp. linguist and grad. specialists. French, German & Gen. subjects to Schol. levels. Essex Tutors, 24 Beaconsfield Ave, Colchester.

RUSSIAN lady, Cambridge degree, gives Russian lessons. KENsington 9523.

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' Schl, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SH/TYPING tuition, res. if reqd. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd N11. ENT. 3324.

SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

PAINTING Classes Sats. and/or Suns. Edward Swann Painting Assembly in Chelsea. Classes limited, tuition thorough by established professionals. Details ES, c/o 50 Alexandra Rd, London, SW19. WIM. 1009.

THE Re-education Centre (formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd.), 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement & relaxation of muscular & nervous tension.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

WINTER SPORTS

THROUGH COOKS

You can choose from a wonderful selection of inclusive holidays at over 100 resorts! A few examples of 8-day holidays by rail and sea travel are:—

Adelboden	£26 17s.	Parthenen	£21 18s
Lauterbrunnen	£24	Igls	£23 17s.
Arosa	£28 11s.	Kitzbuhel	£25 16s.
Davos	£29 11s.	Ortisei	£27 13s.

and if you book early Cooks guarantee Couchettes (sleeping accommodation) on the Special Trains. You can also travel by air. Write for FREE 112 page programme 'Winter Sports' to

THOS. COOK & SON LTD,

Dept. H/E/FZ, Berkeley Street, London, W1, and branches, or from any office of Dean & Dawson, Pickfords or appointed booking agents.

CHRISTMAS AT YOUR DOORSTEP!

Are you one of those latecomers who have not yet made plans? There is still hope for you to join one of our special Christmas or New Year arrangements.

Winter Sports Parties in Austria or Switzerland;

Christmas/New Year House Parties or Hotel arrangements in Britain;

Winter Sunshine Holidays and Cruises.

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE,

47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7.

KEN. 8881-4.

CHRISTMAS Weekend in Paris! Travel by air. First-class accommodation at the 3-star 'A' Moderne Palace Hotel, including Buffet and full French Carnival Ball. Wonderful holiday party atmosphere. Resident host. All inclusive 13½ gns. No extras. Nelson's Travel Agency, 12 Frognal Parade, Finchley Rd., NW3. HAM. 3655/8663 & SW1. 3128.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

WINTER is a time to flee from Fog and Flu. We offer a really magnificent collection of Ski-ing and Sunshine holidays (also special Christmas/New Year arrangements in Majorca & Paris). Call, write or telephone today, Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

PERSONAL

DOCTOR'S widow, middle-aged, domestic experience, out four days a week. Would assist one person mornings, evenings, weekends in exchange attractive accommodation, breakfast and evening meal. Central London. Refs. Box 847.

MERCIFUL release for incurable sufferers is the aim of the Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

DEXTEROUS poet/father, just arrived this London with small children, no mother, craves (home)work 10-3, 8-midnight. Design or humdrum. Box 672.

YAS Mina. Orphanage near Tunis. 160 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by the Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

YOUNG lady to help phys. handicapped Dr's wife with light household duties. Room, meals and/or pocket money according to time offered. Hampstead. Box 876.

ITEMS for indigent intellectuals. Writer going abroad must sacrifice houseful of contemp. furn. and dom. appliances. Some almost new, some scarred by non-intellectual children but functioning perfectly. MAY 4813.

ACTORS (Amateur) required. Well est. Shakespeare Group, C. London. Now casting Julius Cæsar. Details Box NS722, LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, WC2.

PRESTIDIGITATEUR (Think of that!). Your Christmas conjuror. WEL. 4909.

'CATS in Belfry' Fans! 2 adult neutered Siamese offered free to good home. Used freedom and garden. Not used children. Utterly dependent human company and affection. Despairing owner (going abroad) must otherwise destroy. CUNningham 9838.

AU Pair help wtd now to 15 Jan. or longer. Fam: 3 (boy 11). Yg domesticated student (either sex). NW Lon. SPE. 7869.

LADY 25/30, required part-time by writer as literary & secretarial help. Box 823.

DOMESTICATED student required to help with teenage family Christmas holidays, mother full-time student. Daily housekeeper kept. Pocket money. Robertson-Ritchie, Market House, Market Avenue, Chichester.

SKI-ING. Mixed private party needs men. Sölden, 27 Dec.-11 Jan.; 32½ gns. R. M.-Gulland, New College, Oxford.

SKI Party Saas Fee, 21 Dec.-2 Jan.; 40 gns by air. Miss Friend, Clare, Suffolk.

STORIES and articles required for American Journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

MURALS, décor, illustration, etc., young artist, ex-Slade, seeks more work. Excellent references. Box 856.

QUESTORS Theatre, Ealing, welcome new members to this famous group, now engaged in building most advanced theatre in Europe. Next prod. 'The Birthday Party' (Pinter). Mems. only. Mattock Lane, W5 (EAL. 5184.)

OUTSIDE the Pink Zone, yet only one station Bakerloowise from its edge, Anthony Panting's photographic studio at 30 Abbey Gdns, NW8. MAI. 3200.

WE believe that the Labour Party must campaign for a policy of Peace and Socialism, and invite those who share this view to write to Denis Brian, General Secretary, Labour Peace Fellowship, 24a Breakspears Rd, London, SE4. A free copy of the current Bulletin will be sent by return.

IMPECUNIOUS but Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

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PERSONAL—continued

TO anthropologists and others: an award of 50 gns is offered – by anonymous rationalist – for the most vigorously effective essay (2,000 words) designed to achieve belated recognition of supernaturalism as a natural phenomenon – a fundamental part of the evolutionary growth of human understanding at young child levels now outgrown. Entries up to 31 January to Box 804.

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MENSA is a unique Society for only those able to pass an IQ test of very high standard. Please send a 9 in. × 4 in. s.a.e. to M14, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Road, Rainham, Essex.

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VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly, 'Wake Up, Britain!' R. P. Dutt; 'The Way Ahead', Jim Mortimer and Joan Maynard, JP; Slogans of a Career, overheard by John Berger; Police Violence and Why, Wilfred Macartney; Panchen Lama interview. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yrly, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London N3

IS there such a thing as nothing? asks Isaac Asimov in the December Fantasy and Science Fiction. On sale 28 November. 2s.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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RETHINKING? Then send postcard to receive free next three issues of Land & Liberty monthly magazine. 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

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7 & 8 Dec. No perfs
9 & 11 Dec. Tannhauser
10 Dec. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
12 Dec. Andrea Chenier

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Tu. to Fri. 8.0. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'A Man's Job', Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence'. A Motley Collection by C. Marowitz. 11, 12, 13 Dec., 8 p.m. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1. Free.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 4.30 & 8.15. Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam: Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer', by W. Mankowitz. Transfers to New Theatre 16 Dec.

TOWER, 7.30. 4, 5, 6 (mems), 10, 11, 12 Dec. Shakespeare's 'Othello'. Book now, CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'Anna Christie' – West Indian Cast. Mems.

CONCERT

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Vivaldi and Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm, Tues. 15 Dec. 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 6 Dec: Masina in Fellini's 'Notti Di Cabiria' (X). From 7 Dec.: Gabin, Morgan, Brasseur in Carné's 'Quai des Brumes' (A).

'MUNNA' and 'Gotama The Buddha' two first-class films from India, on Thursday, 10 December, 7 p.m. at Royal Commonwealth Society, Craven Street, WC2. Tickets: 2s., 3s., 4s. Members, 1s. extra non-members, obtainable from: India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. TRA. 2110.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Today, Sat. 5 Dec., 9-11 p.m. Members 3s., their Guests 5s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socty. joint dance with Hampstead Labour Pty at Hampstead Tn Hall, Sat. 5 Dec. 8 p.m. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY

Church Street

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION

Pictures selected from the Royal Academy and other exhibitions of 1959

Until 13 December
Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-6
Admission free

THE Albanian Society's Exhibition of Albanian Costume, Embroideries, Contemporary Products, Books, Photographs, &c., is open (admission free) on 4 December (10 a.m. to 9 p.m.) and 5 December (9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.) at 27 Albany Street, London, NW1. Books, publications, Christmas cards & fascinating, unusual Christmas gifts from Albania will be on sale.

DUNOYER De Segonzac. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Extended to 13 December. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

LIPCHITZ: Sculpture. An Arts Council exhibition, Tate Gallery. Till 16 December. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Cecil Collins: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and tapestries 1928-1959. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair. Buy a ticket for 15 gns., and win an original work by Delvaux, Man Ray, Pasmore, Picasso, Piper, Turnbull. 2-17 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Anne Madden, Georges Cotos, G. Barbisan. All first exhibitions in London. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

RBA Gallery, Suffolk Street, SW1. 'One Hundred Years of Modern Art'. One Hundred Colour Reproductions selected by Sir John Rothenstein. 9 Dec. to 17 Dec. Open 10-5, including Saturday. Admission free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings by Léon Zack. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, London, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paul Sarda – Paris; K. Coutts-Smith – London. 7-19 December. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

THE Polite Tournament: Modern Japanese Woodcuts 1-31 Dec., St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660; 10-6, Sats 10-1.

DENNIS James – pntgs. Comedy Gallery, Oxenden St, Haymarket. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12. Closes 12 December.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 5529.) F. N. Souza.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Stefan Knapp – Recent paintings. Until 12 December. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis, from 2 Dec. 6 Duke St, St. James's.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Constellations by Miro: Papiers collés by Matisse: Lithographies by Dufy and '1000 gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until 8 Jan 1960.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, W2. Schettini & Sthal. 8-31 Dec. 10-6 daily.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Misc. works by Picasso, Miro, Braque, Pissarro, Bott, Friesz, Delvaux, Sutherland, Bratby, Meadows, Frink, etc.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE RIGHTS OF YOUTH

Speakers: Emrys Hughes, MP, on Votes at 18. Alan Tyrrell on The Age of Majority. Four Teenagers with varying views.

12 December at 2.45 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Entrance 2s. 6d. (teenagers 1s.) at door, or from NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES
293 New Kings Rd, SW6. RENown 2254.

PUBLIC DEBATE ON DIRECT ACTION

sponsored by The Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War. The Labour Peace Fellowship and Peace News.
Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m. Thurs. 10 Dec.
Proposers: Dr Alex Comfort, April Carter.
Opposers: Dr David Pitt, John Rankin, MP.
Admission 2s. 6d.

JOIN THE NON-VIOLENT PROTEST AT HARRINGTON ROCKET BASE (NORTHANTS), starting Sat. 2 Jan.

Further particulars from the Direct Action Committee, 344 Seven Sisters Rd, N4.

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB

formerly Universities & Left Review Club

Monday, 7 December: 7.30 for 8 p.m. THE NEW LEFT: Stuart Hall and Peter Worsley.

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station) Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NEW LEFT REVIEW

– incorporating

Universities and Left Review and The New Reasoner.

LAUNCHING MEETING,

ST PANCRAS TOWN HALL
MONDAY, 14 DECEMBER, 8 p.m.

Speakers include: E. P. Thompson, Stuart Hall, Lawrence Daly, Raymond Williams – trade union, parliamentary and CND speakers.

Music: West Indian Steel Band.

Sale of books; original political cartoons by Abu and Vicky.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri., 4 Dec., 6 p.m. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Ralph Schoenman, 'Mass Industrialism or Poverty – are there any answers?' All school studs welc.

CHRISTIAN Action Annual Meeting, Church House, Westminster, Monday, 14 December, 6.30 p.m. Guy Clutton Brock will speak to open Meeting. Admission free by ticket obtainable from the Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, EC4.

'THE German Problem.' Two lectures by Lindley Fraser, Head of the German-Speaking Service of the BBC, at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 5 December, at Goldsmith's College, Lewisham Way, SE14. (TID. 2266) Fee 1s. per lecture: tickets in advance, or at door. Further details on application.

LONDON Co-operative Society Political Committee Autumn Lectures. Tuesday, 8 December, 8 p.m. 'Philosophy of Socialism'. Harold Campbell (Assistant General Secretary, Co-operative Party), Library Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Peggy Crane, 'The Public View of Labour', Wed. 9 Dec., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Dug Dobell presents rare 'V' discs. Tribute to Billie Holliday by Vic Bellerby. Wednesday, 9 December, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

'INDIA, China, and the Border Question'; Derek Bryan and Indian journalists, 27 College Crescent, NW3 (nr Swiss Cottage), Sun. 6 December at 8 p.m.

'JAPANESE Cinema.' Illus. lecture by John Huntley. East West Group, SOAS, London University, Malet St, 7.30. 10 Dec.

ITALIAN Scene-painting in the 18th century: illustrated lecture by Edward Croft-Murray, FSA. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner Street, EC1 (near Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.) Mon. 7 Dec., 8.30. (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

SHAW Society. Francis Watson, OBE, on 'Lawrence of Cloud's Hill' (T. E. Lawrence), at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 4 Dec., 7. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda. Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda. Thurs., 10 Dec., 7.30. Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Society & Religion'. Lectures re-commence 14 Jan.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 9 Dec., 6.30: 'About the Vijnanas'. Dr Irmgard Schloegl. Also Saturday Group 12 Dec., 3 p.m. (readings, discn, tea – open to all). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W3, Sun. 6 December, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Getting Older', A. A. Burall (with coffee after the discussion).

S PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 6 Dec. Dr Maurice Burton, FRSA, 'The Tortuous Path to Truth'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15. 8 Dec. J. Hutton Hynd, 'Christianity and Morality'.

'PSYCHIC Laws and Forces.' Pub. Lect. 6 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT., 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 11 Dec. Peter Townsend, 'The Submerged Fifth', 6.15 p.m., Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq. All school students welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Tues., 8 Dec., 7.15. Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Oswell Blakeston, 'Humanism & Modern Art'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 4 Dec., 8 p.m. Sir John Cockcroft: 'Science in Soviet Union'. Chair.: Prof. P. M. Blackett. Tues. 8 Dec., 8 p.m. Anna Cienciala, MA: 'Return to Poland after 20 years'. At Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, Sat., Sun. 5 & 6 Dec., 3-8 p.m. Russian Christmas Bazaar, to be opened at 4 p.m. on Sat. by Anya Linden (Royal Ballet). Russian books, toys, antiques, novelties. Russian buffet. Musical entertainment, etc. In Royal Festival Hall Recital Room (Gen. Manager T. E. Bean), Mon. 7 Dec., 8.15 p.m. Kedroff Vocal Quartet; recital of Russian classical, folk & Georgian songs & Church music. Tkts 9s., 7s., 4s., from Pushkin House & Royal Festival Hall

IWC London Branch, Fri., 11 Dec., 8.30. 'Music & the Disturbed Mind'. Miss Juliette Alvin. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. 'The Press in Britain Today', talk by David Farbey. Sunday 6 Dec. 8 p.m., 14 Portman St. W1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

FRIENDS House, Euston Road, NW1. Sunday, 6 Dec. at 6.30 p.m. 'To Men of Goodwill' – an Anthology of Music and Readings for Advent.

THE Actor. Theatre Talks for Young People at Wyndham's on 29 Dec., 31 Dec. & 4 Jan. Speakers: Sir Ralph Richardson, Patrick Wymark, Paul Rogers, Michael MacOwan, Michael Croft. Visit to 'Treasure Island'. Apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LECTURE COURSES—contd. on page 823

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